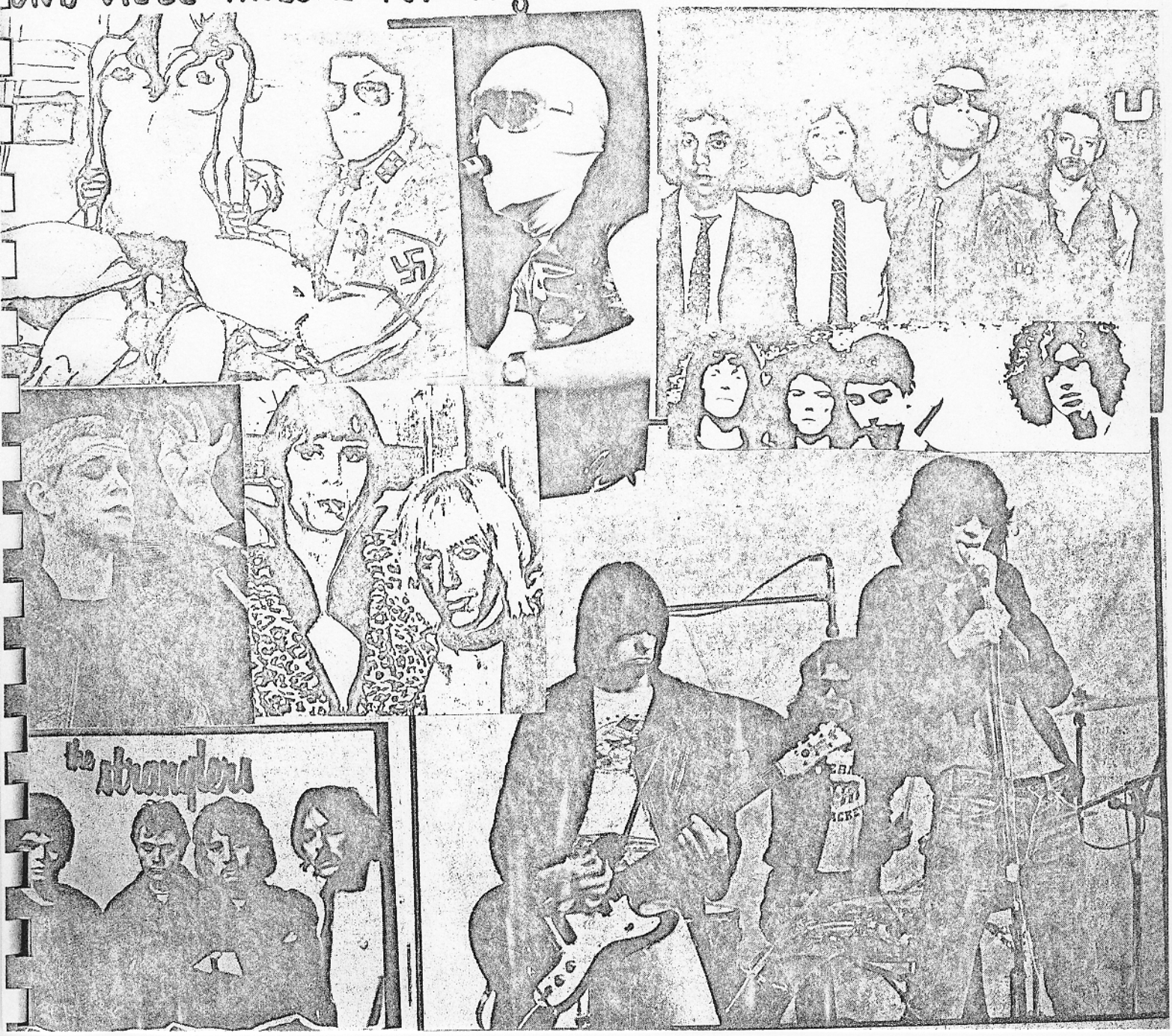
The Ostrich

NR. 1 MÄRZ/APRIL 77 5.- DM

IN DIESEM HEFT:
BOWIE, MODERN LOVERS, LOU REED, PATTI SMITH, STOOGES, BOOTLEGS INFO, PUNK NEWS, TOURNEE-INFO, FILMOGRAFIE, UND VIELE ANDERE PUNKS!



HI SPUNKS !

WIR WERDEN IN UNSEREN HEFTEN VERSUCHEN ALLES, WAS EUCH UND UNS INTERESSIERT, HINEINZUBRINGEN.
SOLLTE EUCH MAL ETWAS NICHT (ODER BESONDERS GUT) GEFALLEN, SO SCHREIBT UNS BITTE
ICH HOFFE IHR HABT DIE SCHNAUZE VON DEM GANZEN JAMMERZIELLEN KRAM GENAUSO VOLL WIE ICH UND BEREUT ES ALSO NICHT UNS EURE LUMPIGEN FUNF MARK IN DEN ARSCH GESTECKT ZU HABEN

I WISH YA A GOOD FUCK & MUCH FUN WITH THIS MAGAZINE

Howdy,
Euer Mary Lou Monroe

FALLS IHR BOCK HABT, UNS ZU SCHREIBEN, DANN AN FOLGENDE ADRESSEN:

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WEHLERSTR. 31
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FALLS IHR IRGENDWELCHE ANZEIGEN AUFGEBEN WOLLT, SCHREIBT BITTE NUR AN MARY-LOU MONROE.

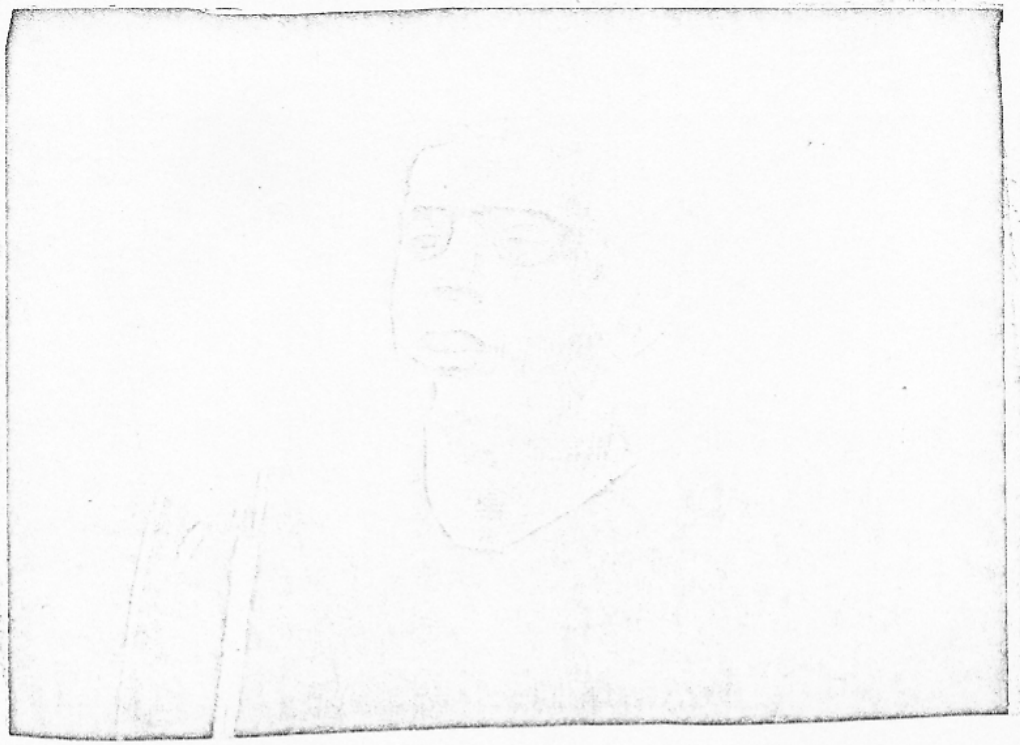
ALLE ANZEIGEN SIND KOSTENLOS

Hallo Brats!
Ich möchte hier mal über ein Bootleg schreiben,das wohl jeder,der was auf sich hält,schon längst geholt,gekauft, geklaut oder vom Osterhasen bringen lassen hat.
Ganz recht,ich meine DIE HARTEN BRUSTWARZEN von Fräulein Patritzia Schmitz,besser:"Hard Nipples" von unserer Patti.
Die Aufnahmequalität ist abgesehen vom fehlenden Bass ziemlich gut.Nachdem die Plattenspielernadel die ersten Rillen geflissentlich übersprungen hat,schneidet einem Meister Kaye's Gitarre in den Gehörgang,und man hat wenig Mühe,"Pale Blue Eyes",zu welchem übrigens Patti's Stimme astrein paßt,zu erkennen.Übergangslos folgen einundzwanzig Sekunden "Louie Louie",wobei man aber schon genauer hinhören muß,um aus dem Gekrächtze die zwei Wörter entnehmen zu können.(die Smith singt nämlich durchweg "Luuuueeeehhhh,Luuuuhhhheeeii".)
Danach folgen "Birdland"und " Gloria",das zweite in gekürzter Fassung."My Generation" ist die gleiche Aufnahme,wie auf der B Seite ihrer Single "Gloria",nur in schlechterer Ausführung.(Jooooohn Caaaaile,eh eh)
Seite 2 wird von einer sa-gen-haften Version von Lou's "We're Gonna Have A Real Good Time Together"eröffnet.
"Gessipi Verde"heißt der folgende Track,(so steht's wenigstens auf dem Wisch.)der mir auf der Platte am besten gefällt.(Dingdongdingdongfucktheclock)
Nach diesem erklimmt Freund Cale die Bühne und klimpert sein "I Keep A Close Watch" herunter.(Die Freaks flippen dabei aus)Danach brüllen ein paar Typen "Chriiiis Speeedding" und los geht's mit "Ain't It Strange".("Hard Nipples erschien ungefähr ein halbes Jahr (oder noch länger)vor "Radio Ethiopia".)
Nach einer guten Version von "Free Money" ist die Platte zu Ende.Schade.
Ich rate Euch,auf jeden Fall [redacted] "Hard Nipples" vom nächsten Trip [redacted] Holland mitzubringen.

X X X

Cycle Annie

LOU REED



Lou trug ein einfaches,langärmeliges,blaues T-Shirt,ausgewaschene Jeans (er ist sehr dünn geworden)und schwarze, hochhackige Boots.Sein Haar ist braun,nicht zu lang und nicht zu kurz.Alles in allem,er sah normaler aus,als jemals zuvor.
48 Schwarz-Weiß Fernseher standen hinter ihm aufgetürmt. Sie stellten die Haupt-Lightshow in diesem Konzert dar. Auf den meisten liefen Videobänder von seinen früheren Konzerten;einige waren ausgefallen und zeigten statt dessen das Abendprogramm des NY Fernsehens.
Auf der Bühne sah man einen Synthesizer,Keyboards,Drums, Bass und einen (leicht geisteskrank wirkenden) Kerl am Saxophon.Es war überraschend,daß das Sax das Hauptinstrument dieses langen Abends sein sollte.Obwohl hinter Lou eine Epiphone und eine Animal standen,benutzte er keine Gitarre bis zum Ende des Abends,wo er dann für 7 Minuten "Sister Ray" spielte.
Die Art,wie Louie am Mike stand und seine Songs einfach und sehr kontrolliert sang,war(so schien es mir jedenfalls) bei David Bowie inspiriert.So cool es auch schien,lag in Mr Reed's Benehmen mehr Natürlichkeit,als in Bowie's bis ins kleinste Detail einstudierte Show.
Nach kurzer Besprechung mit den Musikern ging es endlich los.Es begann (wie immer) mit "Sweet Jane",welches von "I Believe In Love" gefolgt wurde."Lisa Says" klang (wenn man von den fehlenden Gitarrenparts absieht)wie in den alten Velvets-Zeiten.
Seine Musik klingt jetzt ganz schön jazzy,was ihm jedenfalls sehr viel Laune zu machen scheint,denn so sehr, wie er bei "Sheltered Life" auftaute,sah man ihn schon lange nicht mehr.Das nächste Stück war (konnte man nur beim genauen Hinhören am Text erkennen)war "Kicks".Sehr jazzy und mit viel Drive gespielt.All das Getue und seine schlichten Bewegungen erinnerten mich eher an eine ruhige TV Show,als an den Lou,den wir wohl alle in erinnerung haben."I'm Waiting For My Man" hatte einen katastrophalen Rhytmus,der nicht ganz richtig mit dem Text(der übrigens oft duch ein "Nananana" von Seiten Reeds ersetzt wurde)übereinstimmte.Keiner wußte mehr,was läuft,und jeder machte seinen eigenen Mist.

Eine Gitane lässig zwischen den Lippen hängend,näselte er "Vicious Circle" sehr gefühlvoll und unverständlich herunter.
Alles war sehr gemütlich,und niemand sprang aus den Sitzen, niemand schrie,und man hatte das Gefühl,in einen kleinen, intimen Club geraten zu sein,wo jeder Lou und Lou jeden kannte. -Klar,es war nicht die beste Musik,die man je von Reed gehört hatte,(allein wegen den fehlenden Gitarren. Ich glaube,jeder betete im Stillen,Lou möge doch mal hinter sich grabschen und sich seine Animal umhängen) "Charlie's Girls",welches sonst zu seinen "favorite stage tracks" gehört,war viel zu lang und durch das Sax total verhauen.Den meisten Applaus bekam (wie immer) "Walk On The Wild Side".
Einige Leute schrieen nach "Heroin",ohne welches für sie kein Louie-Konzert vollständig gewesen wäre,aber Mr Reed blieb stumm.
"How do You Think It Feels" (welches er übrigens bei jedem,aber wirklich bei jedem Auftritt zum Besten gibt) war stinklangweilig und klang nach Wetterbericht,was jedoch von dem darauffolgenden "Berlin" wieder wettgemacht wurde.Bei diesem Song saß er auf dem Boden,nur vom flackernden Licht der TV's beleuctet,und es war mehr ein Zwiegespräch mit den Freaks,als er rauchend und kaugummikauend diese Story erzählte.(Übrigens die Originalversion von "Lou Reed")
So schön auch alles schien,es war (zumal es schon über zwei Stunden dauerte)etwas langweilig geworden.(Übrigens hatte ich mittlerweile Hunger bekommen und beschloß,obwohl ich gerne noch "Sister Ray"(eines meiner Lieblingslieder)gehört hätte,(schon allein um zu sehen, daß er endlich die verdammte Gitarre nimmt)nach Hause zu gehen.
(Freunde erzählten mir später,es sei noch wahnsinnig gut geworden)
Aber zweieinhalb Stunden sind zweieinhalb Stunden...

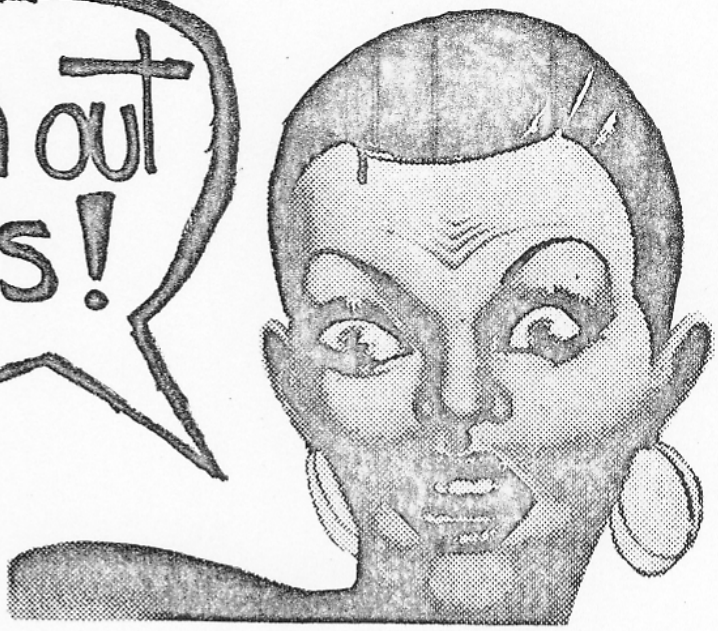
Marry-Jane Monroe

DIE LETZTE SCHEISSE...

ist sie bestimmt nicht,ich meine na ja,für Leute, die an die Superproduktionen 36 Spuriger Mischanlagen gewöhnt sind,dürfte es anfangs etwas in den Lauschern brummeln,aber wenn man genauer hinhört,bemerkt man nach einiger Zeit,wer sich auf diesem Live aufgenommenen Stück Plastik die Ehre gibt.Ja ja,ich weiß,ich weiß,wenn ihr nicht gerade begeistert von Rasierkligen in Ohren,Nase und anderen geeigneten Körperteilen seid,wenn ihr den ganzen Tag mit dem Daumen im Arsch hinterm Ofen sitzt und Bravo lest,dann,ja dann Kinder, kann man nicht von Euch verlangen,daß Ihr METALLIC KO von den Stooges gut findet.Aber einem Freak wie Dir brauche ich ja wohl nichts darüber zu erzählen.
Für mich ist Metallic KO ein Stück Geschichte. Wo sonst kann man live dabei sein,wenn Iggy und seine Boys mal richtig loslegen?Aber nun mal zur Platte selbst:
Es scheint,als hätten die Bengels ihre drei Gitarrengriffe,ihre Besenstiel-Drumsticks und ihren einsaitigen (seitig oder saitig?)Bass zusammengegrabscht und wären mit ihrem Egon Popular unterm Arm auf eine amerikanische Kleinstadtbühne geklettert.
Während der ganzen Aufnahme versucht Igg das mühsam zusammengetrommelte Publikum am verlassen des Saales zu hindern.(Was ihm nur zu gelingen scheint, weil die Leute immer wieder einschlafen)
Musikalisch ist es bestimmt eine große Leistung, was unsere Bubis da losmachen,nur kann man das wegen der schlechten Aufnahmequalität nicht mehr so genau sagen.Jedenfalls sind die Texte verständlich und gut.(...the day I don't see yar ass,is the day I'm gonna dieeeeeeeeeahhhhh...)
Meiner Meinung nach ist die LP mindestens so gut, wie Metal Machine Music.(Eine meiner Lieblingsplatten)
Also Chicks,nehmt die Finger aus der Hose und die Beine untern Arm und versucht,dieses Werk noch irgendwo zu bekommen.Sollten alle Eure Versuche fehlschlagen,so schreibt an: Europe's only Iggy Pop Fan Club c/o Harald Inhülsen,Hagenring 21,33 Braunschweig. der hat bestimmt noch was für Euch.
So,das wars,die Seite ist voll,ich bin befriedigt,
Also denn auf bald!

Howdy, Euer
Mary-Jan Monroe

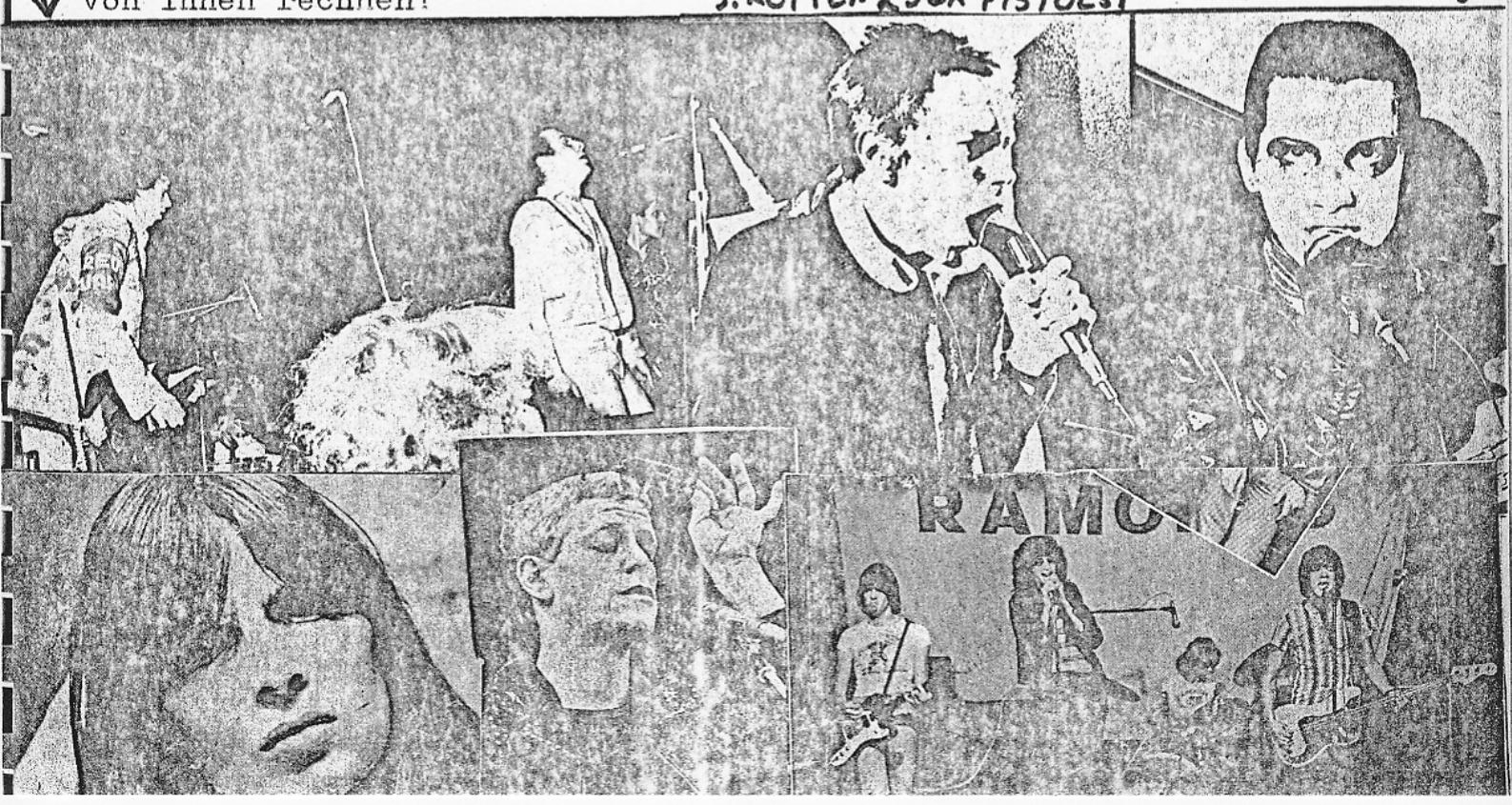
watch out Kids!

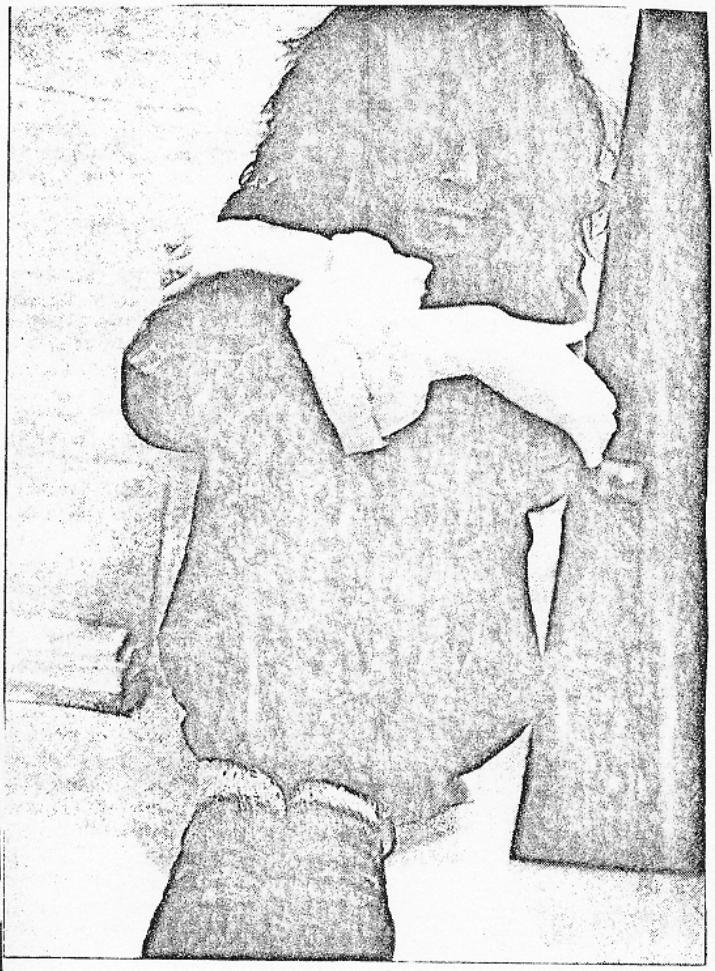


by

Sneaky Pete

Die neuen RAMONES & TELEVISION LPs sind schon 'raus! Die LP von den RAMONES heisst "RAMONES LEAVE HOME" & die von TELEVISION "MARQUEE MOON"+++Es soll 'nen neuen Bootleg von den VELVET UNDERGROUND mit den Titel "UGLY MOTHERS" geben!!+++JOHN CALE & PATTI SMITH kommen nach Deutschland!!Der John spielt am 8.3. in Düsseldorf, mehr weiss ich nicht.Übrigens, am 9.3. hat er Geburtstag & der LOU am 2.3. Happy Birthday!!!+++Ex-VELVETS MOE TUCKER hat 'ne Gals-Band mit den Namen THE BLOODY VIRGINS gegründet+++Die erste LP der sensationellen CHARLEY'S GIRLS soll Live sein & wird warscheinlich "TIGER MORSE" heissen!!!+++Die neue Single von den STRANGLERS heisst "Get A Grip On Yourself"+++Die NICO hat soeben 'ne LP in L.A. mit den ex-DOORS Produzenten Paul A. Rothchild für Elektra aufgenommen!Hoffentlich kommt die bald 'raus+++Die nächste LP von den MODERN LOVERS muss bald kommen;einige Songs:"Long-Lost Ancient Long-Ago","Rockin' Leprechauns" & "Ice Cream Man"+++Die erste RAMONES LP wurde bei den New Musical Express-PopPoll als fünft beste LP,sowie als beste Debut-LP des Jahres gewählt!Congratulations RAMONES!!!+++Die EDDIE & THE HOT-RODS-Live At The Marquee-EP landete bei den Single Poll an zweiter Stelle, gefolgt von "Anarchy In the U.K." von den SEX PISTOLS;TELEVISION kam mit "Little Johnny Jewel" an 16. Stelle+++Die CLASH haben 'nen Plattenvertrag mit Polydor, wir dürfen schon mit 'nen Album von ihnen rechnen!

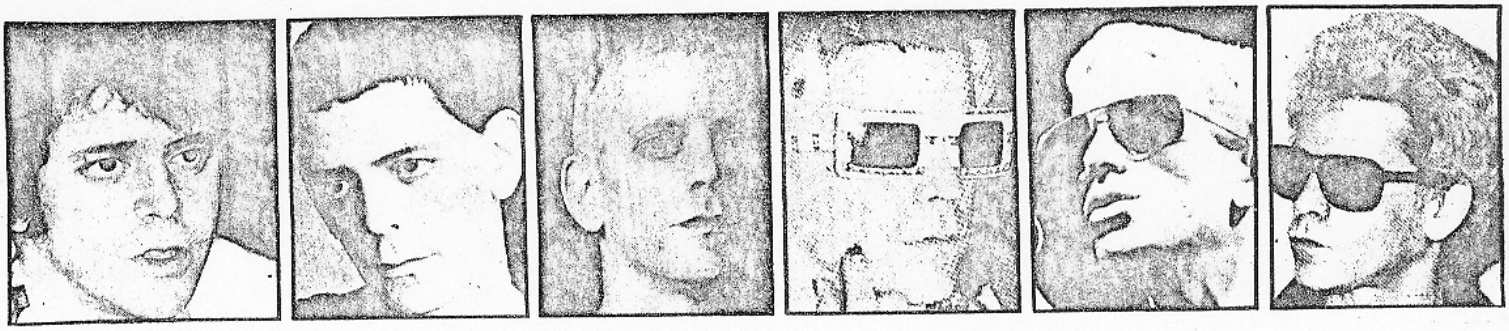




PATTI SMITH
KOMMT VIELLEICHT
IM LAUFE DES
JAHRES NACH (D)

(DIE DATEN SIND
NOCH NICHT BEKANNT)

IGGY POP
LIEFERT AUF DER
NEUEN BOWIE LP
'LOW' EINEN TEIL
DER VOCALS



LOU REED/ROCK'N'ROLL HEART

Mit 'nen neuen Label, (Arista), neuen Stil & viel, viel Bock, kommt diesmal der alte Lou angetanzt. Allein schon mit den TV-Stil-cover, hat der Mick Rock gute Arbeit geleistet.

Bereits der erste Song "I BELIEVE IN LOVE" zeigt wieviel Power der Lou noch in sich hat.Ganz bestimmt von seiner Freundin Rachel inspiriert."BANGIN' ON MY DRUM" könnte sich zu einen Single Hit eignen, einfacher Text, einfachen Riffs, kurz & mit viel Drive. Beim drittem Lied "FOLLOW THE LEADER" kommt der Saxer Marty Fogel voll zu seinen Rechten."YOU WEAR IT SO WELL" ist die perfekte Hintergrundmusik für 'ne Schwulenromanze."LADIES PAY" ist 'ne schöne Ballade mit schönen Piano, Slide-guitar, sowie gelungenes Arrangement.DAS Titelstück "ROCK'N'ROLL HEART" reisst einen sofort hin & wieder spielen der Pianist & Guitarrist die Hauptrollen.Mit "CHOOSER & THE CHOSEN ONE? beginnt die 2. Seite der LP. Es ist das erste Instrumentalstück dass Lou auf Platte aufgenommen hat, (ausser Steve Hunter's INTRO vor SWEET JANE sowie METAL MACHINE MUSIC). Das Lied verschafft eine ganz gemütliche Atmosphäre. "SENSELESSLY CRUEL" ist einer der besten Songs auf der Scheibe, mit 'nen schönen Text, drums,sax & vocals."CLAIM TO FAIM" enthält den gleichen Drive wie früher "HANGIN' 'ROUND" oder "I'M SO FREE". Von "VICIOUS CIRCLE" kann man nur den tollen Text loben.Das 5.Stück auf der Seite (ein Jazz Stück) "A SHELTERED LIFE" ist leider das schwächste auf der Platte.Es ist ein alter Song den er bereits schon mit den Velvets in zwei viel bessere Versionen aufgenommen hatte, leider aber nie auf Platte erschienen sind.Auffallend an diesem Song ist nur Lou's schöne Stimme, sowie das Pianogeklimper, wobei einen die vielen Saxen auf den Wecker fallen können.Aber beim nächsten Song ("TEMPORARY THING") geht's los:endlich der Lou, so wie wir ihn alle kennen, mit seinen geilen & gleichzeitig läppchen Sprechgesang, das so klingt als würde er jede Sekunde einpennen.

Der eintönige Rhytmus, die Lyrics, sowie Lou's Stimme sorgen dafür,das es zum besten Track des Albums wird.

Danke Lou .... & natürlich auch Rachel!

by Sneaky Pete

LEGS!!!BOOTLEGS!!!BOOTLEGS!!!BOOTLEGS!!!BOOTLEGS!!!

Hier findet ihr 'ne Liste der Bootlegs, die zur Zeit am besten in den USA verkauft werden.

L= Live/D= Doppel LP/L-S=Teilweise Live, Teilweise Studio

ALICE COOPER:
"Parricidal Slumbers" (L)
"You're All Crazier Than I am" (L)(D)

THE BAND:
"Down South" (L)
"Watcha Want Mama" (L)
"Live at Hollywood Bowl 7-1o-7o" (L)(D)

JEFF BECK:
"Jeff Beck Group" (L)

DAVID BOWIE:
"His Master's Voice" (L-S)
"1980 Floor Show" (L-S)
"In America" (L)
"In Person" (L)
"The All American Bowie" (L)

CREAM:
"Amsterdam, Holland" (L)

CREDENCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL:
"Revided" (L)
"At Fillmore East" (L)

DEEP PURPLE/E.L.&P./PINK FLOYD:
"California Jammin'" (L)

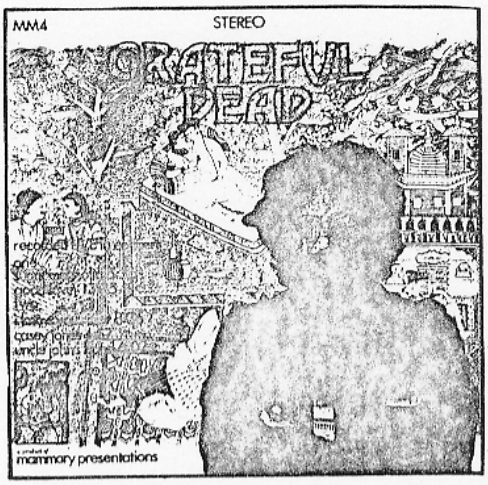
BOB DYLAN:
"Ceremonies Of The Horseman" (L)
"The Gaslight Tapes" (L)
"MILLion $ Bash"
"Royal Albert Hall" (L)
"Stealin'"
"Saint Valentine's Day Massacre" (3 LPs)(L)
"Charlotte, North Carolina" (D)(L)
"Help" (L-S)

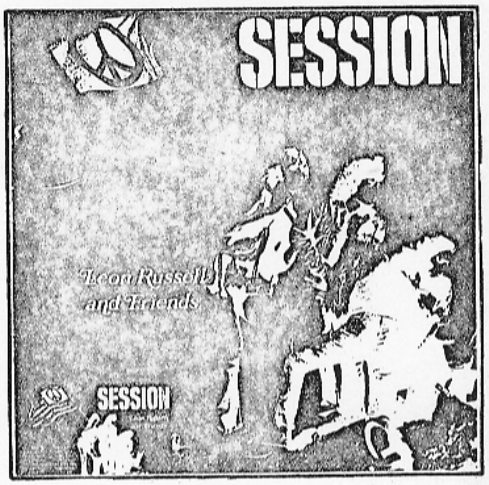
GRATEFUL DEAD:
"Ain't It Crazy" (L)
"Silent Dead" (L)
"Fillmore West" (D)(L)

GRAND FUNK:
"Get Funked" (L)

JIMI HENDRIX/JIM MORRISON/JOHNNY WINTER:
"Jam"

HENDRIX/CLAPTON/MAYALL/BRUCE:
"Strangers That Play"





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by Sneaky Pete

JIMI HENDRIX:
"Hendrix Alive" (D)(L)
"Smashin' Amps"
"Experience Soundtrack Album" (L)

MICK JAGGER:
"Interview"

JEFFERSON AIRPLANE:
"Up Against The Wall"
"Winterland 1970-Tapes From The Mothership" (L)

JANIS JOPLIN:
"Get It While You Can" (D) (L)

LENNON/CLAPTON/RICHARDS:
"Yer Blues Jam"

LENNON/HENDRIX:
"Day Tripper Jam"

VAN MORRISON:
"A Spawn Of The Dublin Pubs" (L)
"Belfast Cowboy" (L)

NWE RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE/GRATEFUL DEAD:
"Together" (D) (L(

PINK FLOYD:
"FILLMORE West" (L)
"Ohm Suite Ohm" (L)
"Nocturnal Submision:The Robot Love" (L)
"Cymbaline" (D) (L)

LOU REED:
"Live In Australia Nov. 1974" (L)
"Blonds Have More Fun" (L)
"Rock'n'Roll"Animal" (L)

ROLLING STONES:
"Beatiful Delilah"
"European Tour 1973" (L)
"Hyde Park July 1969" (L)
"Liver Than You'Ll Ever Be" (L)
"The Stars In The Sky, They Never Lie" (L)
"Gimme Shelter" (D(L)
"Angie" (L)

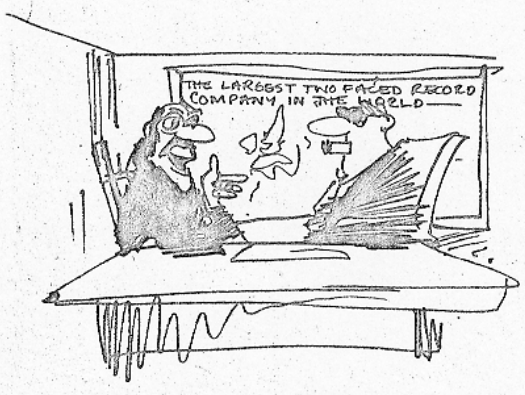
WHO:
"Fillmore East" (L)
"Gather Your Wits" (D)(L)
"Jaguar" (D)
"Radio London"

JOHNNY WINTER:
"Hot" (L)

FRANK ZAPPA:
"Safe Muffins" (L)
"200 Motels" (L)
"Hot Rats At The Olympic" (L)

FRANK ZAPPA & THE MOTHERS OF INVENTION:
"Poot Face Boogie" (L)

SEX
PISTOLS



"What we want is an outrageous, shocking group, but not so shocking and outrageous that we can't make lotsa bread out of them with a

TIME MAY CHANGE ME - BUT I CAN'T TRACE TIME

DOME 72

Ich glaube,dieses Zitat trifft den Charakter und Werdegang unseres David Robert Jones,welcher das Licht der Welt als blutarmes,schwindsüchtiges Söhnchen von Haywod Stenton Jones und seiner Frau Hilda Louise (geborene Sullivan)am 8.Januar 1947 in Brixton,in der Stansfield Road erblickte.
Nach den zehn Jahren,in denen er Musik macht,hat er so ziemlich alle Arten von Image,die sich von Tokio bis NY City finden lassen,mehr oder weniger originell und erfolgreich durchgemacht.
Nach jahrelangem Schuften hat er es nun so weit gebracht, daß er es sich leisten kann,von seinem Haus in LA aus über Satellit ein Interview mit irgendeinem Showmaster zu geben,durchweg Mist zu erzählen,und auf die Bitte der spanischen Regierung,er möge den Satellit freimachen, da man den Tod Francos bekanntgeben wolle,mit einem dezenten "fuck it" höflich aber bestimmt diese Anfrage abzulehnen.
In seiner Laufbahn ließ er sich von einer Menge Leuten z.B.Andy Warhol,Marc Bolan (har har),Lou Reed ect. Er hat camäleonartig alles,was ihm an anderen Leuten imponierte,aufgesogen und für sich selbst weiterverwertet.
Seine LP's kennt ihr sicher selbst,und wer noch nichts von ihm gehört hat,sollte sich zumindest "The Man Who Sold The World","Space Oddity"und "STATIONTOSTATION anhören.
Ich möchte mich hier nicht über seine musikalischen Stilveränderungen von LP zu LP (welche manchmal wirklich etwas zu arg ins kommerzielle übergreifen)auslassen, nur seine neueste "Low" möchte ich mal kurz beschreiben:

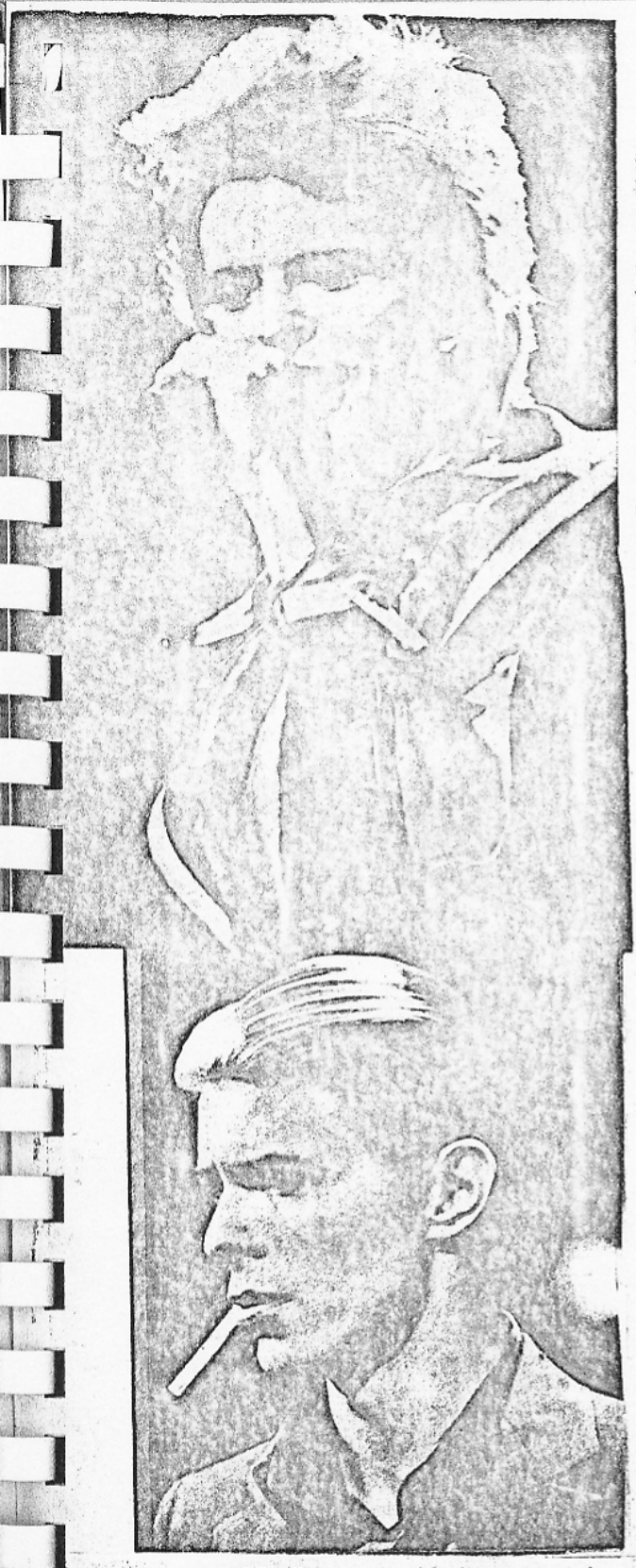
LOW ist wie alle seine LP's seit SPACE ODDITY auf RCA erschienen.
Produziert ist diese von Bowie und Toni Visconti,(!) arrangiert ebenfalls von Bo, und man höre und staune:von Meister Brian Eno,welcher auf fünf Songs mitspielt,und einen mitgeschrieben hat.
Das Cover ist einfallslos,wie selten ein anderes.Vor orangem, stürmischen Himmel zeigt es David mit einem braunen Man-

tel bekleidet im Profil.
Aber nun zur Musik:

Der 1. Track heißt "Speed Of Life",ist instrumental (!) und hat einen noch kaum bemerkbaren Eno-Touch.Das einzig bemerkenswerte an dem übernächsten Song "What in The World" ist,daß Iggy Pop auf dem Incover unter "Vocals" verzeichnet ist,und bei genauerem Hinhören sogar hinter dem wehleidigen Bowie-Sopran zu Vernehmen ist.
Das nächste Lied hat eine putzige Melodie,heißt "Sound And Vision" ,und wird scheinbar von Bowie und Eno unter Zuhilfenahme einiger Mittelklassemusiker ,darunter auch Mary Visconti (???) gleichmäßig geteilt.
"Always Crashing in The Same Car"hält nicht,was der Titel verspricht.Es klingt eher nach einer dilletantischen Reproduktion der Grundmelodie aus Enos "Another Green World".
Das alles jedoch wird von "Be My Wife" wieder wettgemacht. Zwar sind die Lyrics nicht mehr das,was sie mal waren, aber immerhin.
Mir persönlich gefällt die B Seite des Longplayers besser als die 1. . Alle drei Songs sind ohne festen Rhytmus (ohne Drums und manuelle Percussion) aufgenommen und zeigen einen völlig neuen Bo.Das wird zwar einigen "Suffragette City"und " Knock on Wood " Freaks nicht gefallen,aber mir als Eno Fan gefällt diese versponnene,kompliziert-simple Melodieenüberlagerung sehr gut.
"Warszawa" ist meiner Meinung nach das beste Stück auf der Platte.Der monotone Gesang erinnert an eine Trauermesse im Tibet,und der Song an sich hat einen besonderen Touch.
Über "Art Decade" ist nur zu sagen,daß es nach Eno,nach Eno und nochmals nach Eno klingt.(Was anderes fällt einem bei diesem Song wirklich nicht ein!)
Davids Guitarwork ist ausgezeichnet auf "Weeping Wall" zu hören,wo seine Strat dermaßen qualvoll die seltsame Melodie dieses Stücks untermalt.
Den Schluß bildet "Subterraneans",welches man(wie die ganze LP) selbst hören sollte,um sich ein Urteil bilden zu können.
Mein Kommentar zu dem Album ist folgendes:
Es ist bestimmt schon besseres gemacht worden,aber jetzt, wo man den ganzen Tag kratzende Riffs von diversen Punkern ins Ohr geblasen bekommt,ist "Low" immerhin eine willkommene Abwechslung.

So long,

Da ich keinen Bock habe,das nun folgende Interview in stundenlanger Arbeit zu Übersetzen,damit es von Euch zum Schluß doch nicht gelesen wird,könnt Ihr es selbst machen.



[redacted]: Let's start with the one question you've always seemed to hedge: How much of your bisexuality is fact and how much is gimmick?

BOWIE: It's true—I am a bisexual. But I can't deny that I've used that fact *very* well. I suppose it's the best thing that ever happened to me. Fun, too. We'll talk all about it.

[redacted]: Why do you say it's the best thing that ever happened to you?

BOWIE: Well, for one thing, girls are always presuming that I've kept my heterosexual virginity for some reason. So I've had all these girls try to get me over to the other side again: "C'mon, David, it isn't all that bad. I'll show you." Or, better yet, "We'll show you." I always play dumb.

On the other hand—I'm sure you want to know about the other hand as well—when I was 14, sex suddenly became all-important to me. It didn't really matter who or what it was with, as long as it was a sexual experience. So it was some very pretty boy in class in some school or other that I took home and neatly fucked on my bed upstairs. And that was it. My first thought was, Well, if I ever get sent to prison, I'll know how to keep happy.

[redacted]: Which wouldn't give much slack to your straighter cellmates.

BOWIE: I've always been very chauvinistic, even in my boy-obsessed days. But I was always a gentleman. I always treated my boys like real ladies. Always escorted them properly and, in fact, I suppose if I were a lot older—like 40 or 50—I'd be a wonderful sugar daddy to some little queen down in Kensington. I'd have a houseboy named Richard to order around.

"James Dean epitomized the very thing that is so campily respectable today—the male hustler. . . . He had quite a sordid little reputation. I admire him immensely."

[redacted]: How much of that are we supposed to believe? Your former publicist, the celebrated ex-groupie Cherry Vanilla, says she's slept with you and that you're not gay at all. She says you just let people *think* you like guys.

BOWIE: Oh, I'd love to meet this impostor she's talking about. It sure ain't me. That's actually a lovely quote. Cherry's almost as good as I am at using the media.

[redacted]: Yet the fact remains that you've never been seen with a male lover. Why?

BOWIE: Oh, Lord, I got over being a queen quite a long time ago. For a while, it was pretty much 50-50; and now the only time it tempts me is when I go over to Japan. There are such beautiful-looking little boys over there. Little boys? Not *that* little. About 18 or 19. They have a wonderful sort of mentality. They're all queens until they reach 25, then suddenly they become samurai, get married and have thousands of children. I love it.

[redacted]: Why, at a time when nobod else in rock would have dared allude t it, did you choose to exploit bisexuality

BOWIE: I would say that America force me into it. Someone asked me in an inter view once—I believe it was in '71—if were gay. I said, "No, I'm bisexual." Th guy, a writer for one of the Englis trades, had no idea what the term mean So I explained it to him. It was a printed—and that's where it started. It so nostalgic now, isn't it? 'Seventy-on was a good American year. Sex was sti shocking. Everybody wanted to see th freak. But they were so ignorant abou what I was doing. There was very litt talk of bisexuality or gay power before came along. Unwittingly, I really brougl that whole thing over. I never, ever sa the word gay when I first got over he to America. It took a bit of exposure an a few heavy rumors about me before th gays said, "We disown David Bowie And they did. Of course. They knew th I wasn't what they were fighting for.

Nobody understood the European wa of dressing and adopting the asexual, a drogynous everyman pose. People went screaming, "He's got make-up and he's wearing stuff that looks li dresses!" I wasn't the first one, thoug to publicize bisexuality.

[redacted]: Who was?

BOWIE: Dean. James Dean did, very subt and very well. I have some insight on Dean was probably very much like m Elizabeth Taylor told me that once. De was calculating. He wasn't careless. I was not the rebel he portrayed so succe fully. He didn't want to die. But he d believe in the premise of taking yours to extremes, just to add a deeper cut one's personality.

James Dean epitomized the very thi that is so campily respectable today the male hustler. It was part of incredible magnetism. You know, that was . . . a whore. He used to stand Times Square to earn money so he cou go to Lee Strasberg and learn how to Marlon Brando. He had quite a sord little reputation. I admire him immen ly—that should take care of any questi you may have about whether or no have any heroes.

[redacted]: Thanks. Now what about y posing in drag for the cover of the E lish album of *The Man Who Sold World*?

[redacted]: Funnily enough, and you'll ne believe me, it was a parody of Gab Rossetti. Slightly askew, obviously. when they told me that a drag-qu cult was forming behind me, I said, "Fi don't try to explain it; nobody is go to bother to try to understand it." play along, absolutely *anything* to br me through. Because everybody's th for scandal—look at how big *People*

they gave me a big chance. All the papers wrote *volumes* about how sick I was, how I was helping to kill off true art. In the meantime, they used up all the space they could have given over to true artists. That really is pretty indicative of how compelling pretension is, that it commanded that amount of bloody writing about what color my hair was gonna be next week. I want to know why they wasted all that time and effort and paper on my clothes and my pose. *Why?* Because I was a dangerous statement.

The follow-up to that, now that I've decided to talk a little more—if only to you—was, "How dare he have such a strenuous ego?" That, in itself, seemed a danger to some people. Am I, as a human being, worth talking about? I frankly think, Yes, I am. I've got to carry through with the conviction that I am also my own medium. The only way I can be effective as a person is to be this confoundedly arrogant and forthright with my point of view. That's the way I am. I believe myself with the utmost sincerity.

[redacted]: But aren't you having trouble getting *other* people to believe you? Take, for example, your well-publicized farewells to showbiz. You've retired twice, swearing you'd never have another thing to do with rock 'n' roll. Yet you've just finished a six-month world concert tour, promoting your newest rock-'n'-roll album, *Station to Station*. How do you rationalize these contradictions?

BOWIE: I lie. It's quite easy to do. Nothing matters except whatever it is I'm doing at the moment. I can't keep track of everything I say. I don't give a shit. I can't even remember how much I believe and how much I don't believe. The point is to grow into the person you grow into. I haven't a clue where I'm gonna be in a year. A raving nut, a flower child or a dictator, some kind of reverend—I don't know. That's what keeps me from getting bored.

[redacted]: What else do you do to keep from getting bored?

BOWIE: You name it.

[redacted]: How about drugs?

BOWIE: What year is it now? 'Seventy-six? I suppose I've been knocking on heaven's door for about 11 years now, with one sort of high or another. The only kinds of drugs I use, though, are ones that keep me working for longer periods of time. I haven't gotten involved in anything heavy since '68. I had a silly flirtation with smack then, but it was only for the mystery and enigma of trying it. I never really enjoyed it at all. I like fast drugs. I've said that many times. I hate falling out, where I can't stand up and stuff. It seems like such a waste of time. I hate downs and slow drugs like grass. I hate sleep. I would much prefer staying up, just working, all the time. It makes me

so mad that we can't do anything about sleep or the common cold.

[redacted]: Do you remember the first time you got stoned?

BOWIE: On grass? I'd done a lot of pills ever since I was a kid. Thirteen or fourteen. But the first time I got stoned on grass was with John Paul Jones of Led Zeppelin many, many years ago, when he was still a bass player on Herman's Hermits records. We'd been talking to Ramblin' Jack Elliott somewhere and Jonesy said to me, "Come over and I'll turn you on to grass." I thought about it and said, "Sure, I'll give it a whirl." We went over to his flat—he had a huge room, with nothing in it except this huge vast Hammond organ, right next door to the police department.

I had done cocaine before but never grass. I don't know why it should have happened in that order, probably because I knew a couple of merchant seamen who used to bring it back from the docks. I had been doing it with them. And they loathed grass. So I watched in wonder while Jonesy rolled these three fat joints. And we got stoned on all of them. I became incredibly high and it turned into an in-fucking-credible hunger. I ate two loaves of bread. Then the telephone rang. Jonesy said, "Go and answer that for me, will you?" So I went downstairs to answer the phone and kept on walking right out into the street. I never went back, I just got intensely fascinated with the cracks in the pavement.

[redacted]: Did you ever get into acid?

BOWIE: I did three times. It was very colorful, but I thought my own imagination was already richer. Naturally. And more meaningful to me. Acid only gives people a link with their own imagery. I already had it. It was nothing new to me. It just sort of made a lot of fancy colors. Flashy lights and things. "Oh, look. I see God in the window." So what? I never needed acid to make music, either.

[redacted]: How much have drugs affected your music?

BOWIE: The music is just an extension of me, so the question really is, What have drugs done to me? They've fucked me up, I think. Fucked me up nicely and I've quite enjoyed seeing what it was like being fucked up.

[redacted]: Then you agree with the reviewer who called your *Young Americans* album "a fucked-up LP from a fucked-up rock star"?

BOWIE: Well, *The Man Who Sold the World* is actually the most drug-oriented album I've made. That was when I was the most fucked up. *Young Americans* probably is a close second, but that is from my current drug period. *The Man* was when I was holding on to some kind of flag for hashish. As soon as I stopped using that drug, I realized it dampened my imagination. End of slow drugs.

[redacted]: That doesn't sound much like the guy who was recently busted in

Upstate New York for possession of eight ounces of marijuana.

BOWIE: Rest assured the stuff was not mine. I can't say much more, but it did belong to the others in the room that we were busted in. Bloody potheads. What a dreadful irony—me popped for grass. The stuff sickens me. I haven't touched it in a decade.

[redacted]: In the song *Station to Station*, though, you do refer to cocaine——

BOWIE: Yes, yes. The line is, "It's not the side effects of the cocaine. . . . I'm thinking that it must be love." Do the radio stations bleep it out?

[redacted]: None that we've heard. Did you have any reservations about using the line in the song?

BOWIE: None whatsoever.

[redacted]: One might easily construe it as advocating the use of cocaine. Or is that the message?

BOWIE: I have no message whatsoever. I really have nothing to say, no suggestions or advice, nothing. All I do is suggest some ideas that will keep people listening a bit longer. And out of it all, maybe *they'll* come up with a message and save me the work. My career has kind of been like that. I get away with murder.

[redacted]: You claim you like to work all the time, yet you release only one album a year. What exactly do you do between recording sessions?

BOWIE: I write songs and screenplays and poems, I paint, I do Kurlien photography, I manage myself, I act, I produce, I record, sometimes I tour. I could give you five new and unreleased David Bowie albums right now. I could just hand them over. I've got an incredible backlog of material. Work, work, work. . . .

[redacted]: Do you ever relax?

BOWIE: If you're asking whether or not I take vacations, the answer is no. I find all my relaxation within the context of work; I'm very serious about that. I've always thought the only thing to do was to try to go through life as Superman, right from the word go. I felt far too insignificant as just another person. I couldn't exist thinking all that was important was to be a *good* person. I thought, Fuck that; I don't want to be just another honest Joe. I want to be a supersuperbeing and improve all the equipment that I've been given to where it works 300 percent better. I find that it's possible to do it.

[redacted]: Would you give us some examples of your self-improvement?

BOWIE: When I started writing, I couldn't put more than three or four words together. Now I think I write very well. I'm finding that if I just look at something and think, A man did that, I realize I can do it, too. And probably better. I didn't know anything about films, either. I mean, nothing at *all*. So I went out, got hold of a lot of the greatest films and worked it all out for myself. Very logically done. Now I have an excellent knowledge of the art. I became a bloody good actor, I'll tell you. And I'll be a superb film maker as well. It's only a matter of deciding what you want to do.

[redacted]: Surely, you doubt yourself sometimes.

BOWIE: Not so much anymore. About two years ago, I realized I had become a total product of my concept character Ziggy Stardust. So I set out on a very successful crusade to re-establish my own identity. I stripped myself down and took myself apart, layer by layer. I used to sit in bed and pick on one thing a week that I either didn't like or couldn't understand. And during the course of the week, I'd try to kill it off.

[redacted]: What was the first thing you attacked?

BOWIE: I think my lack of humor was the first thing I picked on. Then prissiness. Why did I feel that I was superior to people? I had to come to some conclusion. I haven't yet, but I dug into myself. That was very good therapy. I spewed myself up. I'm still doing it. I seem to know exactly what makes me sad.

"I consider myself responsible for a whole new school of pretensions—they know who they are. Don't you, Elton? Just kidding. No, I'm not."

[redacted]: Doesn't taking yourself apart all the time tend to make you a little schizophrenic?

BOWIE: The four of me will have to talk about that. Am I schizophrenic? One side of me probably is, but the other side is right down the middle, solid as a rock. Actually, I'm not schizophrenic at all. I think that my thought forms are fragmented a lot, that much is obvious. I often think of six things at one time. They all sort of interrupt one another. Not very good when I'm driving.

[redacted]: Do you ever have trouble deciding which is the real you?

BOWIE: I've learned to flow with myself. I honestly don't know where the real David Jones is. It's like playing the shell game. Except I've got so many shells I've forgotten what the pea looks like. I wouldn't know it if I found it. Being famous helps put off the problems of discovering myself. I mean that. That's the main reason I've always been so keen on being accepted, why I've striven so hard to put my brain to artistic use. I want to make a mark. In my early stuff, I made it through on sheer pretension. I consider myself responsible for a whole new school of pretensions—they know who they are. Don't you, Elton? Just kidding. No, I'm not. See what I mean? That was a thoroughly pretentious statement. True or not, I bet you'll print that. Show someone something where intellectual analysis or analytical thought has been applied and people will yawn. But something that's pretentious—that keeps you riveted. It's also the only thing that shocks anymore. It shocks as much as the Dylan thing did 14 years ago. As much as sex shocked many years ago.

[redacted]: You're saying sex is no longer shocking?

BOWIE: Oh, come on. Sorry, Hugh. Sex has never *really* been shocking, it was just the people who performed it who were. Shocking people, performing sex. Now nobody really cares. Everybody fucks everybody. The only thing that shocks now is an extreme. Like me running my mouth off, jacking myself off. Unless you do that, nobody will pay attention to you. Not for long. You have to hit them on the head.

[redacted]: Is that the Bowie success formula?

BOWIE: That's always been it. It's never really changed. For instance, what I did with my Ziggy Stardust was package a totally credible, plastic rock-'n'-roll singer—much better than the Monkees could ever fabricate. I mean, *my* plastic rock-'n'-roller was much more plastic than anybody's. And that was what was needed at the time. And it still is. Most people still want their idols and gods to be shallow, like cheap toys. Why do you think teenagers are the way they are? They run around like ants, chewing gum and flitting onto a certain style of dressing for a day; that's as deep as they wish to go. It's no surprise that Ziggy was a huge success.

[redacted]: Is that why you said you became Ziggy at one point?

BOWIE: Without even thinking about it. At first, I just assumed that character onstage. Then everybody started to treat me as they treated Ziggy: as though I were the Next Big Thing, as though I moved masses of people. I became convinced I was a messiah. Very scary. I woke up fairly quickly.

[redacted]: Do you ever worry about your fans' giving up on you—not wanting to hear Bowie as a soul singer or whatever?

BOWIE: Well, they must understand what my trip was in the beginning. I've never been a musician.

[redacted]: What have you been?

BOWIE: The unfortunate thing is that I've always wanted to be a film director. And the two media got unconsciously amalgamated, so I was doing films on record. That creates your basic concept album, which becomes a bit of a slow pack horse in the end. Now I know that if I'm going to make albums, I've got to make albums that I enjoy musically, or else just make the fucking film. A lot of

my concept albums, like *Aladdin Sane, Ziggy* and *Diamond Dogs*, were only 50 percent there. They should have been visual as well. I think that some of the most talented actors around are in rock. I think a whole renaissance in film making is gonna come from rock. Not because of it, though, despite it.

[redacted]: But you've said that you find rock depressing and sterile, even evil.

BOWIE: It *is* depressing and sterile and, yes, ultimately evil. Anything that contributes to stagnation is evil. When it has familiarity, it's no longer rock 'n' roll. It's white noise. Dirge. Just look at *disco* music—the endless numb beat. It's really dangerous.

So I've moved on. I've established the fact that I am an entertainer, David Bowie, not just another boring rock singer. I've got a film out, Nicolas Roeg's *The Man Who Fell to Earth*. And I'll be doing a lot more, taking a lot of chances. The minute you know you're on safe ground, you're dead. You're finished. It's over. The last thing I want is to be established. I want to go to bed every night saying, "If I never wake again, I certainly will have *lived* while I was alive."

[redacted]: Let's go back to *disco* music. You say it's a dirge, yet you had the biggest *disco* hit of last year in *Fame* and you scored again this year with *Golden Years*. How do you explain that?

BOWIE: I love *disco*. It's a lovely escapist's way out. I quite like it, as long as it's not on the radio night and day—which it is so much these days. *Fame* was an incredible bluff that worked. Very flattering. I'll do *anything* until I fail. And when I succeed, I quit, too. I'm really knocked out that people actually dance to my records, though. But let's be honest; my rhythm and blues are thoroughly plastic. *Young Americans*, the album *Fame* is from, is, I would say, the definitive plastic soul record. It's the squashed remains of ethnic music as it survives in the age of Muzak rock, written and sung by a white limey. If you had played *Young Americans* to me five years ago and said, "This is an R&B album," I would have laughed. Hysterically.

[redacted]: How about if we had said, "This is going to be *your* album five years from now"?

BOWIE: I would have thrown you *and* the record out of my house.

[redacted]: What did you think of Barbra Streisand's recording your song *Life on Mars*?

BOWIE: Bloody awful. Sorry, Barb, but it was atrocious.

[redacted]: You're not noted for cordial relationships with other artists. Yet there was the rumor that you flew to Europe to spend a sabbatical with Bob Dylan. What about it?

BOWIE: That's a beaut. I haven't even left this bloody country in years. I saw

Dylan in New York seven, eight months ago. We don't have a lot to talk about. We're not great friends. Actually, I think he hates me.

[redacted]: Under what circumstances did you meet?

BOWIE: Very bad ones. We went back to somebody's house after some gig at a club. We had all gone to see someone, I can't remember who, and Dylan was there. I was in a very, sort of . . . verbose frame of mind. And I just talked *at* him for hours and hours and hours, and whether I amused him or scared him or repulsed him, I really don't know. I didn't wait for any answers. I just went on and on about everything. And then I said good night. He never phoned me.

[redacted]: Did he impress you?

BOWIE: Not really. I'd just like to know what the young chap thought of me. I was quite convinced that what I had to say was important, which I seem to feel all the time. It's been quite a while since somebody really impressed me, though.

[redacted]: Could another musician impress you?

BOWIE: Gil Evans; Ricky Ricardo, maybe. I like meeting other artists, but they rarely impress me. Regular people do, people who aren't playing power games. I know power plays immediately and I'm better at it than most of them, so I discount them in a flash.

[redacted]: How did you become a rock-'n'-roller, anyway?

BOWIE: Truth? I was broke. I got into rock because it was an enjoyable way of making my money and taking four or five years to puzzle my next move out. I was a painter before that, studying commercial art at Bromley Technical High School. I tried advertising and that was *awful*. The *lowest*. But I was well into my little saxophone, so I left advertising and thought, Let's give rock a try. You can have a good time doing that and usually have at least enough money to live on. Especially then. It was the Mod days; nice clothes were half the battle.

[redacted]: But nice clothes cost money.

BOWIE: At the time, not necessarily. I lived out of the dustbins on the back streets of Carnaby. Carnaby Street was actually, at one time, quite fashionable—before it became known to everybody in London. The very best young designers were down there and because they were very expensive Italians, if any of the shirts had a button off or anything like that, it would go in the dustbin. We'd go around and nick all the stuff out of the dustbins. Entire wardrobes of clothes for, well, nothing. All you had to do was sew a button on or stitch a sleeve. I remember when I used to steal everything. Had to look fashionable. We all were caught up in that game of wanting to be the next Elvis Presley, hopping from tinny band to tinny band. I went through a group called

David Jones and the Buzz, another called David Jones and the Lower Third, even a mime troupe called Feathers.

: What was it like to be a mime?

BOWIE: Oh, listen, it's very easy to be a mime. There wasn't much competition. I was only reasonably good. My technique was quite poor, actually, but nobody really knew. I've got a very good body and it does things I want it to do, but I'm still not disciplined enough to ever compete with a Marcel Marceau. Mime helped me learn a lot about body language. That's all.

: Didn't your wife, Angela, have something to do with getting you your first recording contract?

BOWIE: Angela and I knew each other because we were both going out with the same man. Another one of her boyfriends, a talent scout for Mercury Records, took her to a show at The Roundhouse, where I happened to be playing. He hated me. She thought I was great. Ultimately, she threatened to leave him if he didn't sign me. So he signed me.

: And how was the situation with your mutual boyfriend resolved?

BOWIE: I married Angela and we both continued to see him.

: Why did you marry her?

BOWIE: Because I realized that she'd be one of the very few women I'd be capable of living with for more than a week. She is remarkably pleasant to keep coming back to. And, for me, she always will be. There's nobody more demanding than me. Not physically, necessarily, but mentally. I'm very strenuous. Very intense about anything I do. I scare away most people I've lived with.

: Were you in love with Angela?

BOWIE: Never have been *in* love, to speak of. I was in love once, maybe, and it was an awful experience. It rotted me, drained me, and it was a disease. Hateful thing, it was. Being in love is something that breeds brute anger and jealousy, everything *but* love, it seems. It's a bit like Christianity—or any religion, for that matter.

: What do you believe in?

BOWIE: Myself. Politics. Sex. . . .

: Since you put yourself first, do you consider yourself an original thinker?

BOWIE: Not by any means. More like a tasteful thief. The only art I'll ever study is stuff that I can steal from. I do think that my plagiarism is effective. Why does an artist create, anyway? The way I see it, if you're an inventor, you invent something that you hope people can use. I want art to be just as practical. Art can be a political reference, a sexual force, any force that you want, but it should be usable. What the hell do artists want? Museum pieces? The more *I* get ripped off, the more *flattered* I get. But I've caused a lot of discontent, because I've expressed my admiration for other artists by saying, "Yes, I'll use that," or, "Yes, I took this from him and this from her." Mick Jagger, for example, is scared to walk into the same room as me even *thinking* any new idea. He knows I'll snatch it.

: Is it true that Jagger once told you he was hiring the French artist Guy Peellaert for the jacket of a Rolling Stones album and you ran right off to hire Peellaert for your own album, *Diamond Dogs*, which was released first?

BOWIE: Mick was silly. I mean, he should never have shown me anything new. I went over to his house and he had all these Guy Peellaert pictures around and said, "What do you think of this guy?" I told him I thought he was incredible. So I immediately phoned him up. Mick's learned now, as I've said. He will never do that again. You've got to be a bastard in this business.

: Any other artists you'd especially like to hire?

BOWIE: I really wanted Norman Rockwell to do an album cover for me. Still do. I originally wanted him for the cover of *Young Americans*. I got his phone number and called him up. Very quaint. His wife answered and I said, "Hello, this is David Bowie," and so on. I asked if he could paint the cover. His wife said in this quavering, elderly voice, "I'm sorry, but Norman needs at least six months for his portraits." So I had to pass, but I thought the experience was lovely. What a craftsman. Too bad I don't have the same painstaking passion. I'd rather just get my ideas out of my system as fast as I can.

"I'd love to enter politics. I will one day. I'd adore to be Prime Minister. And, yes, I believe very strongly in fascism."

: Some psychiatrists would call your behavior compulsive. Does the fact that there is insanity in your family frighten you?

BOWIE: My brother Terry's in an asylum right now. I'd like to believe that the insanity is because our family is all genius, but I'm afraid that's not true. Some of them—a good many—are just nobodies. I'm quite fond of the insanity, actually. It's a nice thing to throw out at parties, don't you think? Everybody finds empathy in a nutty family. Everybody says, "Oh, yes, my family is quite mad." Mine really *is*. No fucking about, boy. Most o them are nutty—in, just out of or goin into an institution. Or dead.

: What do they think of you?

BOWIE: I haven't a clue. I haven't spo ken to any of them in years. My fathe is dead. I think I talked to my mother couple of years ago. I don't understan any of them. It's not a question of the understanding *me* anymore. The shoe on the other foot.

: You've often said that you b lieve very strongly in fascism. Yet yo also claim you'll one day run for Prim Minister of England. More med manipulation?

BOWIE: Christ, everything is a med manipulation. I'd love to enter politi I will one day. I'd adore to be Prim Minister. And, yes, I believe very stron ly in fascism. The only way we c speed up the sort of liberalism tha hanging foul in the air at the moment to speed up the progress of a right-wi totally dictatorial tyranny and get over as fast as possible. People have ways responded with greater efficie under a regimental leadership. A libe wastes time saying, "Well, now, wh ideas have you got?" *Show* them what do, for God's sake. If you don't, nothi will get done. I can't stand people j hanging about. Television is the m successful fascist, needless to say. Ro stars are fascists, too. Adolf Hitler one of the first rock stars.

: How so?

BOWIE: Think about it. Look at some his films and see how he moved. I th he was quite as good as Jagger. It's tounding. And, boy, when he hit t stage, he worked an audience. G God! He was no politician. He wa media artist himself. He used poli and theatrics and created this thing governed and controlled the show those 12 years. The world will never his like. He staged a country.

Really, I would like to be Prime M ister, but I think I'd have to set up own country first. I don't want to Prime Minister of the old country. have to create the state that I wish live in first. I dream of one day bu companies and television stations, ing and controlling them.

: Are you still obsessed, as reportedly once were, with the fea being assassinated onstage?

BOWIE: No. I died too many times stage, man. And it's really not too No. I don't have that paranoia anym I've now decided that my death sh be very precious. I really want to u I'd like my death to be as interestin my life has been and will be. And b assassinated is not quite a hero's de Assassination is the . . . the snub. Great Snub. It's the ultimate resu that Wilhelm Reich philosophy—no

will be allowed to be any more t
we are—that most people subscribe
in their hearts. People aren't very bri
you know. They say they want f
dom, but when they get the cha
they pass up Nietzsche and cho
Hitler, because he would march int
room to speak and music and lig
would come on at strategic moments
was rather like a rock-'n'-roll conc
The kids would get very excited—g
got hot and sweaty and guys wished
was them up there. That, for me, is
rock-'n'-roll experience.

: You stated in *Rolling St*
that you'd like to use your music to "r
the world . . . subliminally." Would
care to elaborate?

BOWIE: I think subliminal advertising
great. If it hadn't been outlawed,
would have gone out of advertising v
quickly and straight into politics.
would have excelled at it. Think of
an empty screen that people could st
at for an hour and a half and not a
ally see anything but leave with an
tire experience in their heads.

Of course, *Rolling Stone* got l
mail. So did Dali in his day. He kn
exactly what he was doing when
painted his paintings. He knew what
the objects meant. Should his work h
been destroyed and he forced to pain
vase of flowers? The attitude that
the artist should paint only things t
the proletarian can understand, I thi
is the most destructive thing possi
That sounds a little like Hitler's go
around to museums and tearing mod
paintings down, doesn't it?

You mustn't be scared of art. Rock
roll is only rock 'n' roll. People hold
so sacred—mustn't tamper, in case
find out that it really does govern k
Those old Fifties antirock movies w
right. Rock-'n'-roll records are dang
ous to the moral fiber. But then, reco
are a thing of the past now, so v
knows?

: We're not quite sure how
made the leap from subliminal adve
ing to reporting the death of the rec
industry, but since you have, what
you propose will happen to music in
future?

BOWIE: It will return to the sensitivi
of the working class. That excites
Sound as texture, rather than sound
music. Producing noise records se
pretty logical to me. My favorite gr
is a German band called Kraftwerk
plays noise music to "increase produ
ity." I like that idea, if you have to
music.

: We give up. Let's talk al
movies. Why did you decide to do
Man Who Fell to Earth?

BOWIE: Well, I'll tell you what
pened. I was sent the script and was
mediately intrigued with the chara

of Newton, who had a lot in common with me. He dreaded cars but loved fast specials. He was physically emaciated; there were so many characteristics we had in common. One problem: I hated the script.

: How did you get around that?

BOWIE: Nicolas Roeg, the director, came over to my house a number of weeks after he'd sent the script. He arrived on time and I was out. After eight hours or so, I remembered our appointment. I turned up nine hours late, thinking, of course, that he'd gone. He was sitting in the kitchen. He'd been sitting there for hours and hours and wouldn't go upstairs, wouldn't go into my room. He stayed in the kitchen. God, I was so embarrassed. I thought I would be embarrassed into doing the film. He said, "Well, David, what do you think of the script?" I said, "It's a bit corny, isn't it?" His face just fucking fell off. Then he started talking. Two or three hours later, I was convinced the man was a genius. There is a very strong story line, as it turns out, but that only provides the backbone to the meat of it. It works on spiritual and prime levels of an incredibly complex, Howard Hughes–type alien. I still don't understand all the inflections Roeg put into the film. He's of a certain artistic level that's well above me.

: Why did Roeg want you?

BOWIE: He had Peter O'Toole cast, but he couldn't do the film. And I believe the editor of the film advised Nick to watch the documentary about me, *Cracked Actor*, that was on the BBC. Nick watched it and I guess it was my attachment to Ziggy, the alter ego, that captured his interest and imagination. And my looks helped, too. Roeg wanted a definite, pointedly stark face—which I had been endowed with.

: How long did it take for you to adapt to the cameras?

BOWIE: Less than an hour. My first film, I couldn't have worked with a director unless it was somebody I knew instinctively would become a mentor. I couldn't have worked with someone I considered to be less than myself—and I have a very, very high opinion of my own abilities. Within the first hour on the set, I knew that I'd picked the right one. Just wait until I become a director, though. I'll be tremendous.

: Do you find acting more worth while than rock 'n' roll?

BOWIE: Rock 'n' roll *is* acting. All my albums are just me acting out certain poses and characters. That's why I'm not entirely proud of a lot of my records—the visual side is sorely missed. My finally being on film simply makes it official. I'm sure I'll take my following with me. They're very faithful.

: Steven Ford, the President's 20-year-old son, is one of your biggest fans. What did you talk about when he visited you in Los Angeles?

BOWIE: Steven Ford? He likes to talk about horses. I told him I could ride horses English style. He said that he rode Western style and knew that riding English style was a lot harder. I agreed with him and said, "Yes, it has a lot more to do with etiquette and discipline than to do with horsemanship." He agreed. That was it, really. I liked him very much. I asked him what he thought of using rock 'n' roll as a political vehicle.

: And what did he say?

BOWIE: That's when he started talking about horses.

: Did he invite you to meet Gerald?

BOWIE: No. I invited myself. I said if I'm ever in the area, would he invite me down? He sort of reluctantly said yes. I don't know what he's worried about. I was a very butch gentleman with him.

"I invited myself to the White House. Steven Ford sort of reluctantly said yes. I don't know what he's worried about. I was a very butch gentleman with him."

: How is your relationship with Elton John these days?

BOWIE: He sent me a very nice telegram the other day.

: Didn't you describe him as "the Liberace, the token queen of rock"?

BOWIE: Yes, well, that was before the telegram. I'd much rather listen to him on the radio than talk about him. Let's do something else. Want to write a song?

: Sure.

BOWIE: All right. We'll call the song *Audience* and it'll be about rock 'n' roll. All right? I'm gonna say, "Led Zeppelin is solid. They make you like a wall." [*Writes it down*] Quick. Give me the name of an artist, someone in rock.

: How about Stevie Wonder?

BOWIE: Good. "Stevie Wonder is growing and you love him most of all." [*Writes it down*] He's sort of the golden boy, everybody loves him. Who else? Name a good songwriter.

: Joni Mitchell.

BOWIE: "Joni Mitchell has our hearts." [*Writes it down*] She does, doesn't she? OK, let me get my guitar. [*Looks at what he's written and begins strumming and humming softly*] All right, here we go. [*Sings*] "Led Zeppelin is growing, erasing idle minds / They make us feel stony, they make us go blind / Hey, Stevie Wonder, there like a wall / So good to lean on, the hardest of all. . . ." Isn't that a nice little tune?

: Is that how you wrote *Changes*?

BOWIE: Naw, but that's basically how I wrote most of the *Diamond Dogs* album.

: What happened to Joni Mitchell?

BOWIE: She's good enough, she doesn't need me crooning about her. You see, of course, there are no rules to my writing.

: We see.

BOWIE: You asked about other rockers, you got a song. Don't complain. No respect. Who's that comedian? Rodney Dangerfield. Don't worry, Rodney. The new art is always catcalled. They hooted the *Mona Lisa*.

: Do you feel *you've* been taken advantage of over the years?

BOWIE: Not taken advantage of. Exploited.

: Are you suggesting you haven't made all that you should have?

BOWIE: What, moneywise? Oh, Lord, no—we made nothing. All I've made is an impact and a change, which, of course, is worth a lot. I keep telling myself that. The best thing to say about it all is that it's archetypal rock-'n'-roll business. Read the reports of the Beatles, the Stones and a lot of other big entertainers and take some kind of amalgamation of all that; it's a pretty accurate picture of my business. John Lennon has been through it all. John told me, "Stick with it. Survive. You'll really go through the grind and they'll rip you off right and left. The key is to come out the other side." I said something cocky at the time like, "I've got a great manager. Everything is great. I'm a *Seventies* artist." The last time I spoke to John, I told him he was right. I'd been ripped off blind.

: You're not a rich man? After five gold albums?

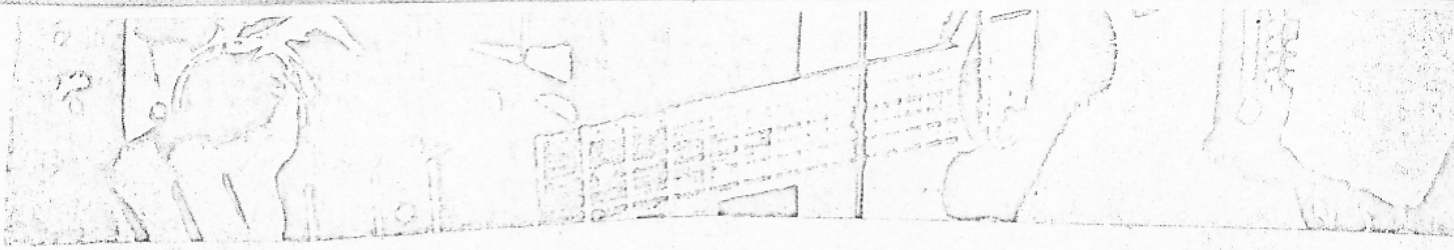
BOWIE: *Now*, yes, exceedingly. No! Wait, America! Not at all. Haven't got a penny to my name. I'm pleading poverty at the moment, but I'm *potentially* very rich. Theoretically rich but not wealthy.

: Are you as bitter about the music business as Lennon and Jagger have said they are?

BOWIE: No, no, no. You see, I needed to learn about it. You've got to make mistakes. It's very important to make mistakes. Very, very important. If I glided through, I wouldn't be the man I'm not today.

: Last question. Do you believe and stand by everything you've said?

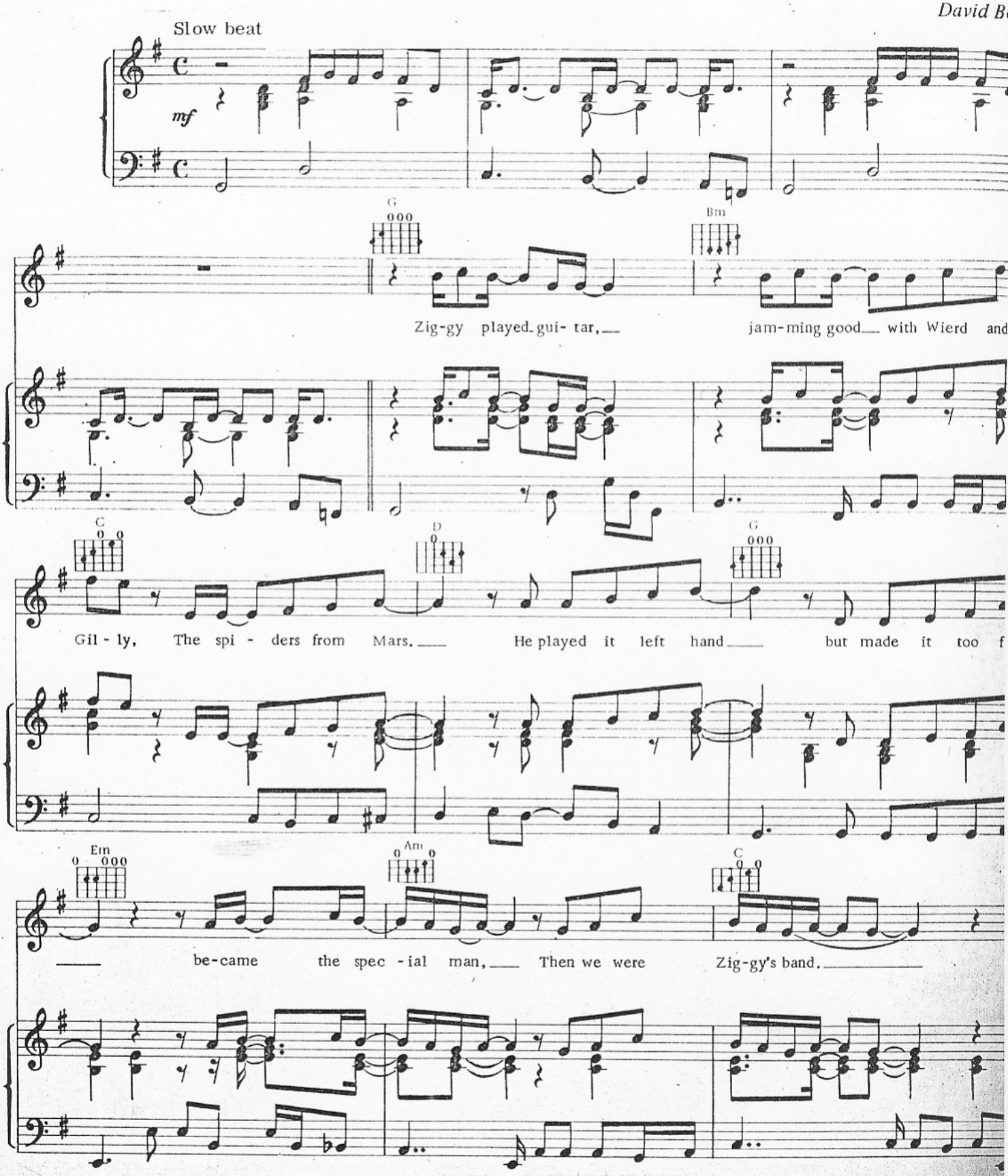
BOWIE: Everything but the inflammatory remarks.

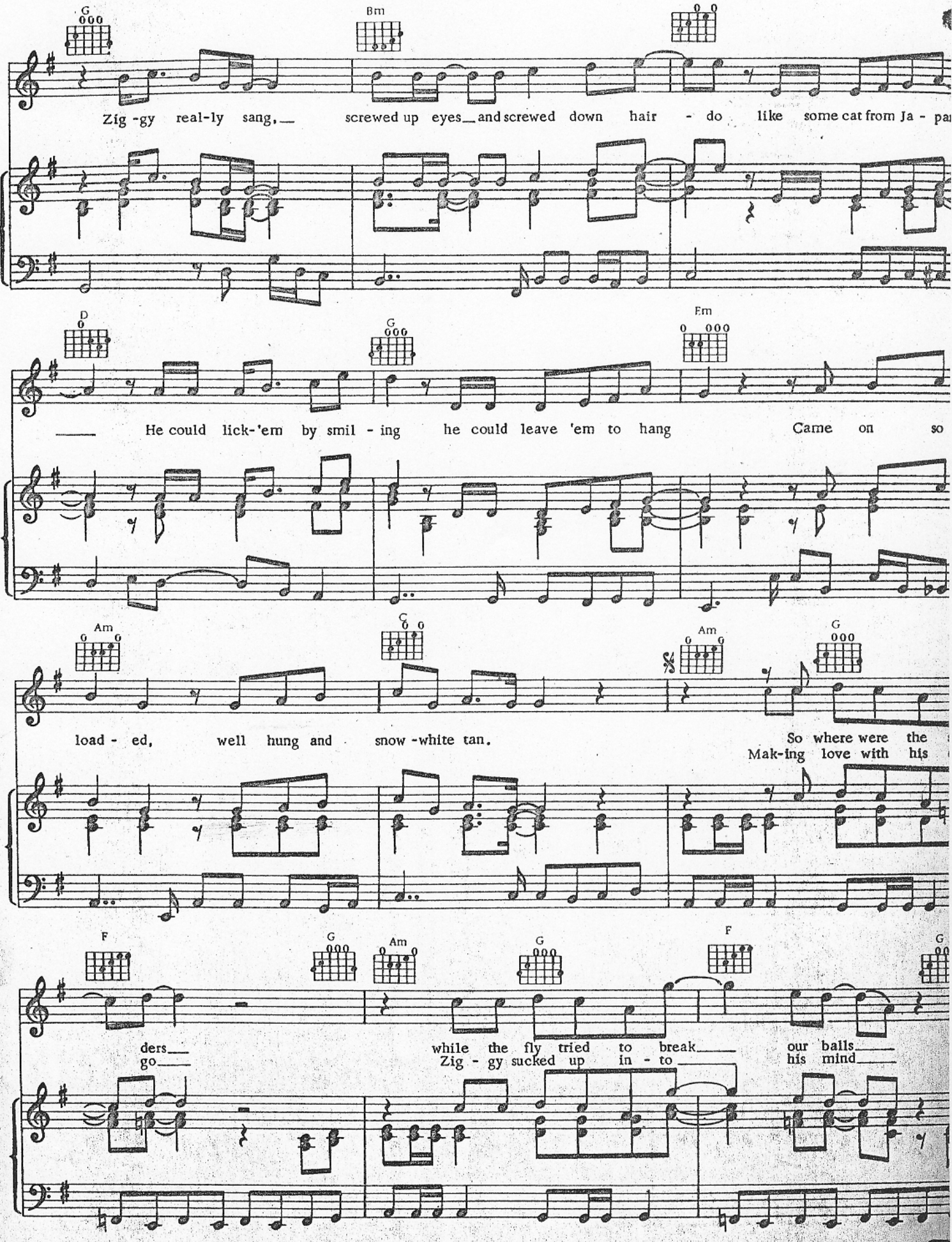


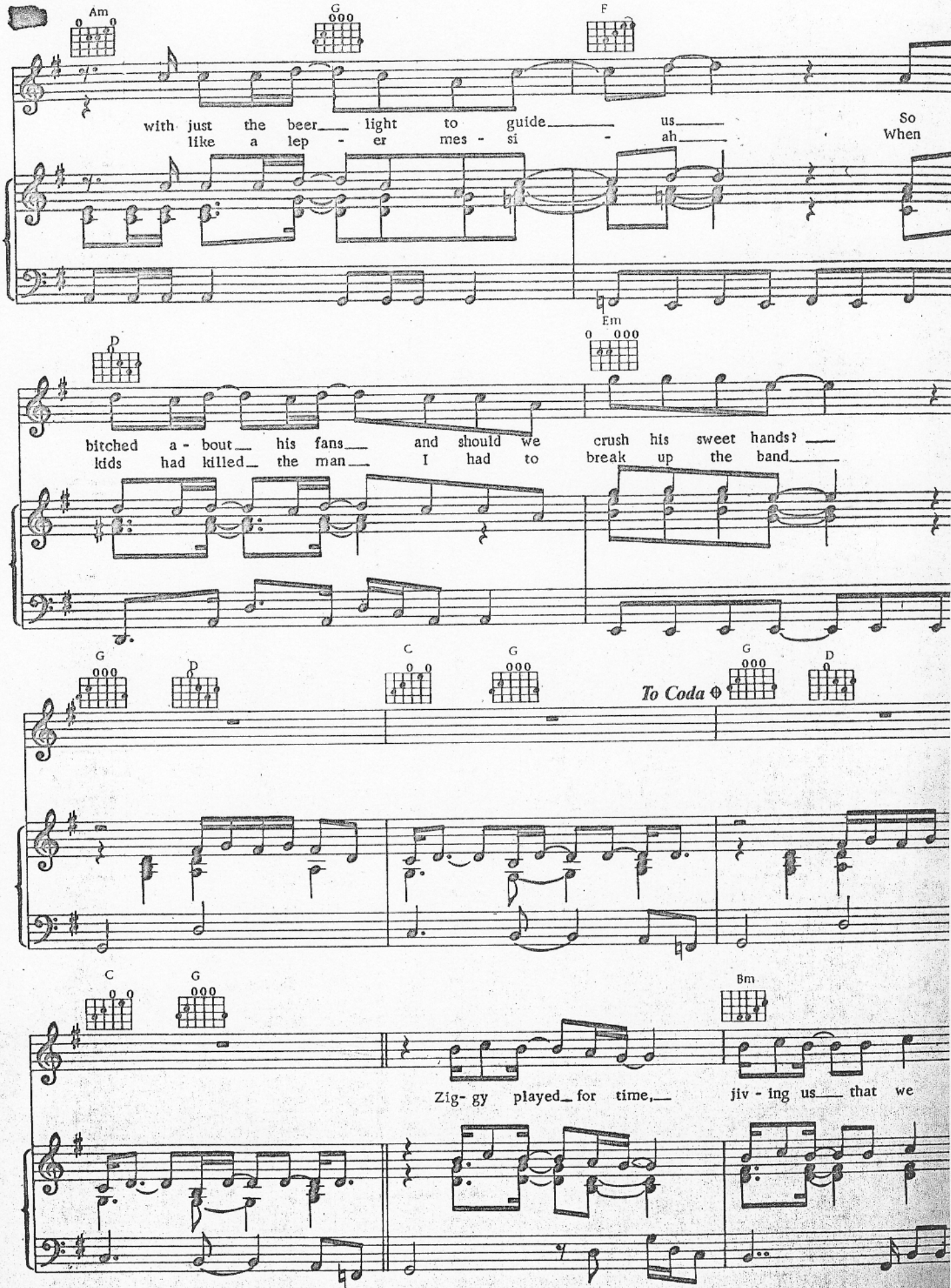
Auf den nächsten Seiten ist ein Geschenk an alle Guitar, Piano und Maultrommel-Freaks.

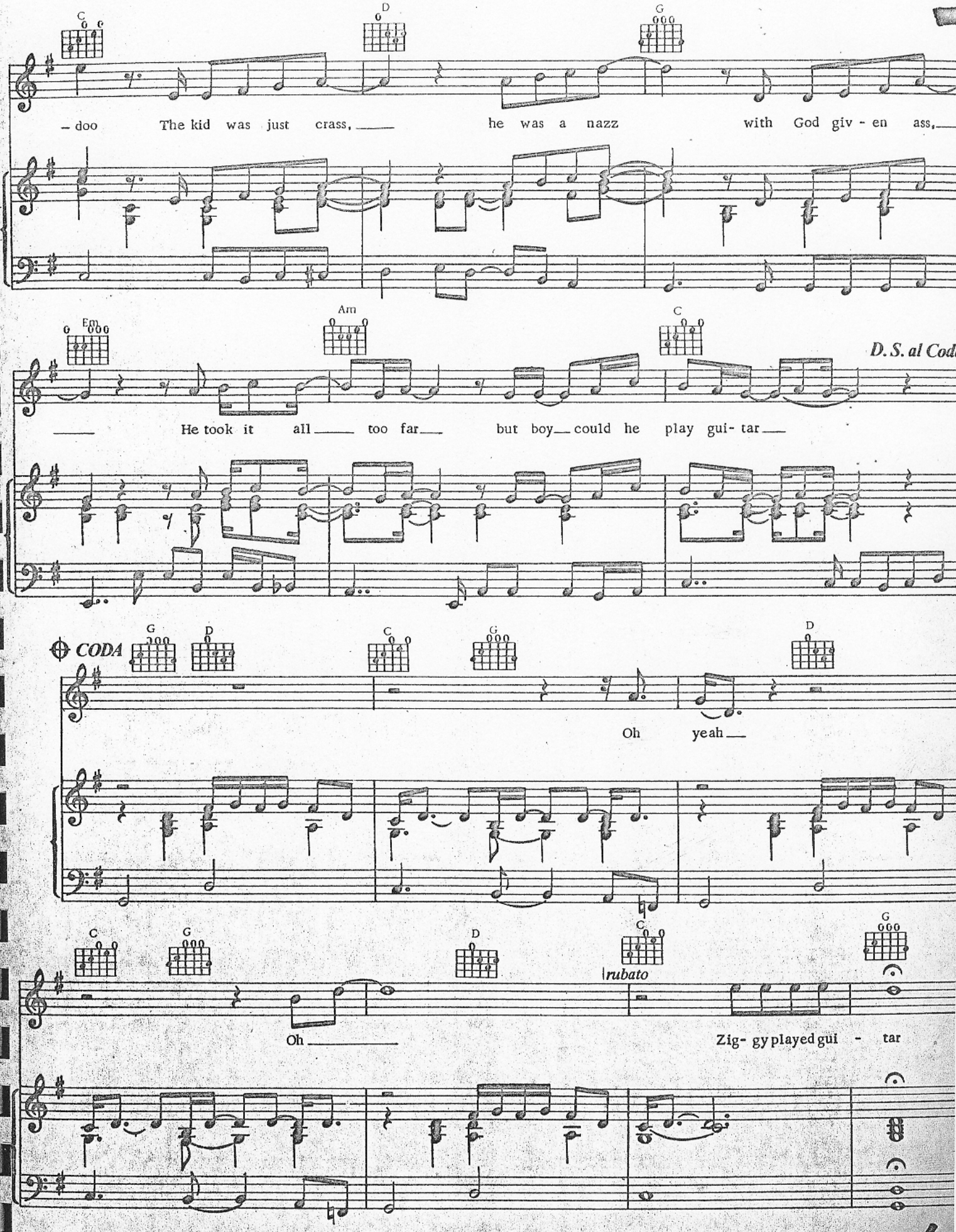
ZIGGY STARDUST

David B




G
Bm
Zig -gy real-ly sang, screwed up eyes and screwed down hair - do like some cat from Ja - pa
D
G
Em
He could lick-'em by smil - ing he could leave 'em to hang Came on so
Am
C
Am
G
load - ed, well hung and snow -white tan. So where were the
Mak-ing love with his
F
G
Am
G
F
G
ders
go
while the fly tried to break our balls
Zig - gy sucked up in - to his mind


Am
G
F
with just the beer light to guide us
like a lep - er mes - si - ah
So
When
D
Em
bitched a - bout his fans and should we crush his sweet hands?
kids had killed the man I had to break up the band
G
D
C
G
To Coda
G
D
C
G
Bm
Zig- gy played for time, jiv - ing us that we


C
D
G
– doo The kid was just crass, he was a nazz with God giv - en ass,
Em
Am
C
D.S. al Cod
He took it all too far but boy could he play gui- tar
CODA
G
D
C
G
D
Oh yeah
C
G
D
C
rubato
G
Oh
Zig- gy played gui - tar

FILMOGRAPHIEN

FÜR ALLE, DIE SICH FÜR UNDERGROUND FILM INTERESSIEREN

MARY-LOU MONROE

MARC ADRIAN

GEBOREN 1930 IN WIEN. 1951-52 STUDIUM AN DER AKADEMIE DER BILDENDEN KÜNSTE IN WIEN. SEIT 1957 BESCHÄFTIGT MIT FILMISCHEN PROBLEMEN. PROFESSOR AN DER HOCH SCHULE FÜR BILDENDE KÜNSTE IN HAMBURG FILME U.A.: BLACK MOVIE (1957-63), RANDOM (1963), ORANGE (1962-64), GO (1964), TEXT I, TEXT II (1964), BLUE MOVIE (1969).

SANTIAGO ALVAREZ

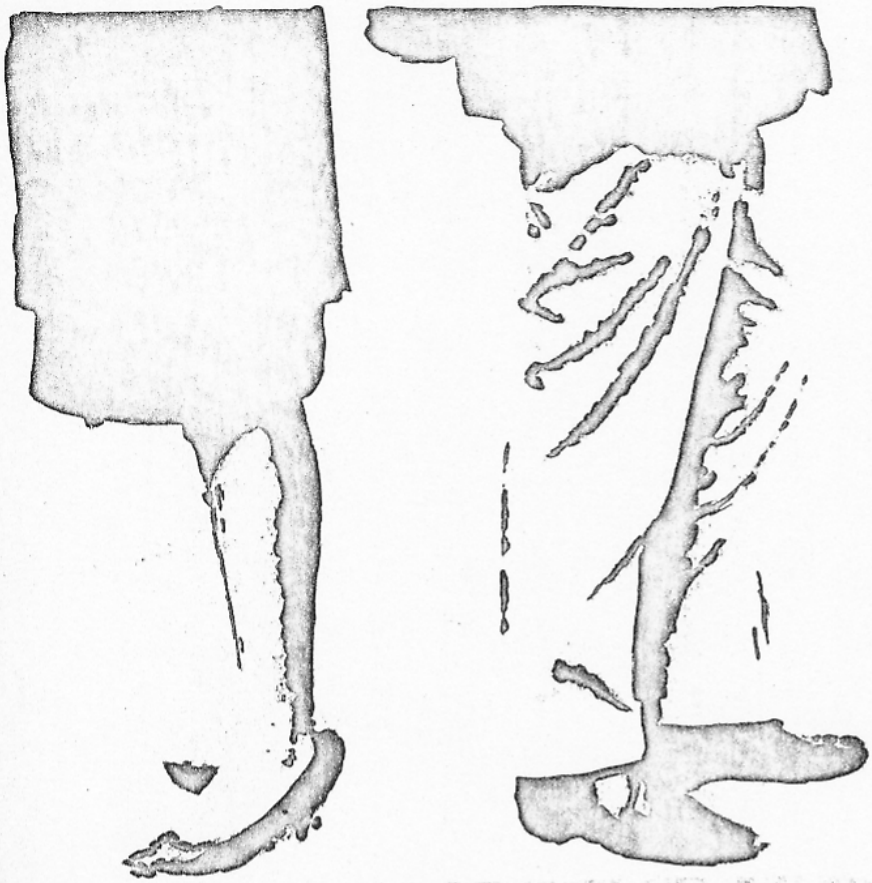
GEBOREN 1919 IN KUBA. CHEF DER KUBANISCHEN WOCHENSCHAU. PROFILIERTESTER FILMMACHER LATEINAMERIKAS. FILME U.A.: MUERTE AL INVASOR (1961), NOW (1965), HASTA LA VICTORIA SIEMPRE (1967), HANOI MARTES 13 (1967), LBJ (1968), 79 PRIMAVERAS (1969).

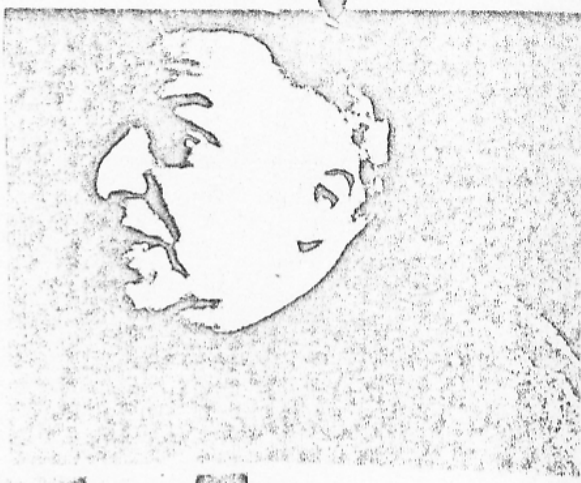
KENNETH ANGER

GEBOREN 1932 IN SANTA MONICA, KALIFORNIEN. KINDHEIT IN HOLLYWOOD. ERSTE FILME MIT NEUN JAHREN. LEBT IN ENGLAND. BEEINFLUSST VON DEM ENGLISCHEN OKKULTISTEN ALEISTER CROWLEY (1947). FILME U.A.: FIREWORKS (1974), PUCE MOMENT (1948, FRAGMENT) EAUX D'ARTIFICE (1953), INAUGURATION OF THE PLEASURE DOME (1954, 1966), SCORPIO RISING (1962), KUSTOM KAR KOMMANDO (1964), INVOCATION OF MY DEMON BROTHER (1970), LUCIFER RISING (1972).

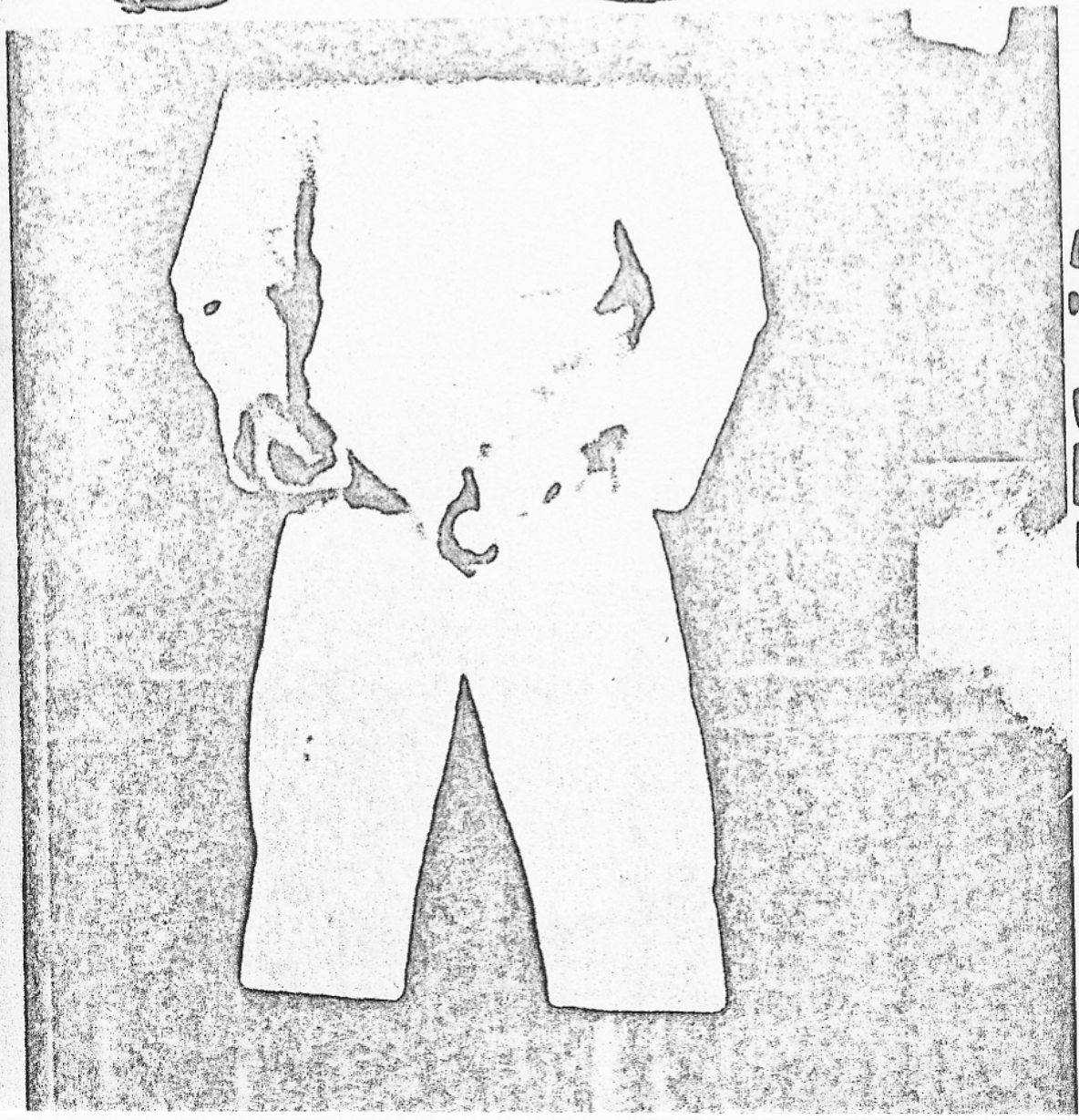
FORTSETZUNG IM NÄCHSTEN OSTRICH

LINKS:
60" VON MARC
ADRIAN

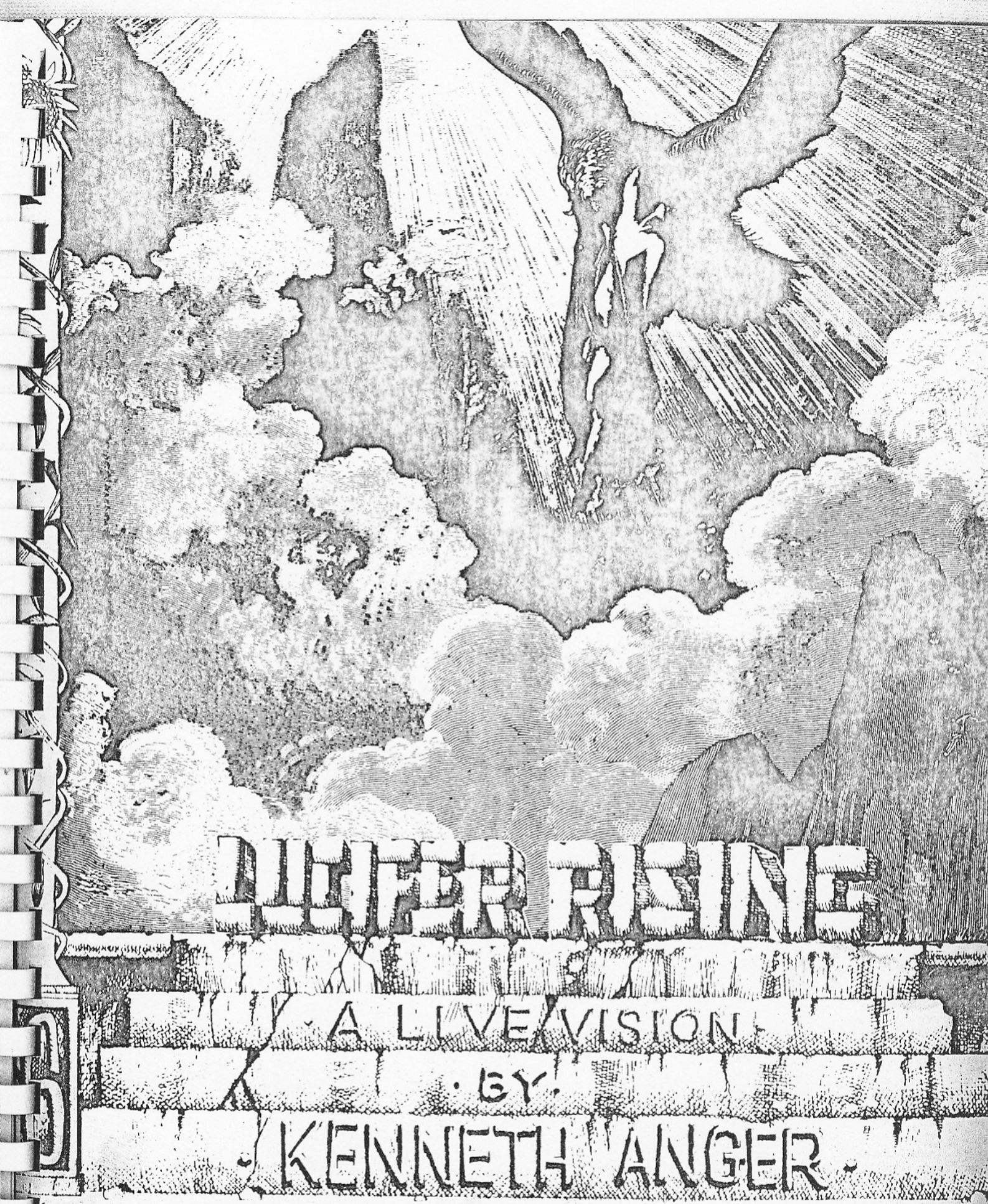




SANIAGO ALVAR



LINKS:
"FIREWORK
VON
KENNETH
ANGER



Kenneth Anger's LUCIFER RISING. A Supernatural Thriller based on Aleister Crowley's "Hymn to Lucifer" from The Boo
Of Oaths. Authorized by Atlantean Adepts. A Puck Production starring Marianne Faithfull as Lilith. Introducing Lesli
Huggins as Lucifer. Kenneth Anger as Magus. Miriam Gibril as Isis. Donald Cammell as Osiris. Nicky Lane as Scarle
Woman. Haydn Coote as Mithras. Mohammed Jamir as Iblis. Hon. Michael Portman as Junkie. Sir Francis Rose as Chaos
Jimmy Page as Scapegoat. Music by Bobby Beausoleil, conducting the "Freedom Orchestra" recorded live inside Trac
Prison (California). Soundtrack album on Glow-Worm Records. **Coming soon. Worth waiting for!**

The MODERN LOVERS

by
Sneaky Pete

Die Modern Lovers wurden 1971 von Jonathan Richman gegründet. In der damaligen Besetzung spielten: Jonathan:lead vocals & Guitar; Ernie Brooks: Bass & backin' vocals; Jerry Harrison: Keyboards & backin' vocals:David Robinson: drums & backin'vocals.

Die LP sollte schon damals von John Cale produziert werden [redacted], aber der John & die Lovers gerieten sich während den Sessions dermassen [redacted] Haare, dass sich die Gruppe auflöste & die LP nicht fertiggestellt wurde.

Matthew King Kaufman hat nun die alten Bänder von Warner Bros. abgekauft & mit 'nen neuen Mix & ein Paar Songs mehr,auf seinen Label "Beserkley" als Album veröffentlicht.

Die LP enthält den Song "ROADRUNNER" der mittlerweile schon einen Klassiker geworden ist. Die meisten Lieder auf der Platte klingen wie eine Mischung aus Doors & Velvet Underground,(Grund genug sich dieses Meisterwerk zu besorgen),besonders "SHE CRACKED", "SOMEONE I CARE ABOUT" & "ASTRAL PLANE".

Sein Talent als Neo-primitiven Poet beweisst Jonathan am deutlichsten auf den Track "HOSPITAL":

...Your world is beatiful/I take the subway to your suburb, sometimes/ I seek out all the things that must have been magic, to your little girl mind/as a little girl you must have been magic/ I still get jealous of all your boyfriends in the suburb, sometimes/& when I walk down your street, probably with tears in my eyes/oh, I can't stand what you do/sometimes I can't stand you/& it makes me think about me/how I'm envolved with you...

Das Lied wurde von den Organisten Jerry, für die LP gespendet. (Thanx, Jerry!)

Ein anderer Klassiker auf der Platte ist "PABLO PICASSO" das mittlerweile schon von John Cale auf seinem Album "Helen Of Troy" gecovert wurde.

Jonathan hat inzwischen 'ne neue Formation der Lovers gegründet & mit ihnen einen Album ("Jonathan Richman & the Modern Lovers") aufgenommen.

Obwohl diese LP auch sehr gut ist, das Power & Dekadenz, die die alten Lovers ausstrahlten, hin. "THE MODERN LOVERS" first LP, ist aber einer der Meilensteinenalben, die ihr euch U-N-B-E-D-I-N-G-T kaufen, klauen, hören, pumpen, irgendwo finden, bestellen, schenken lassen, oder sonst was müsst. In zwei Wörten: diese Platte müsst ihr einfach haben! & ihr werdet es mir glauben!

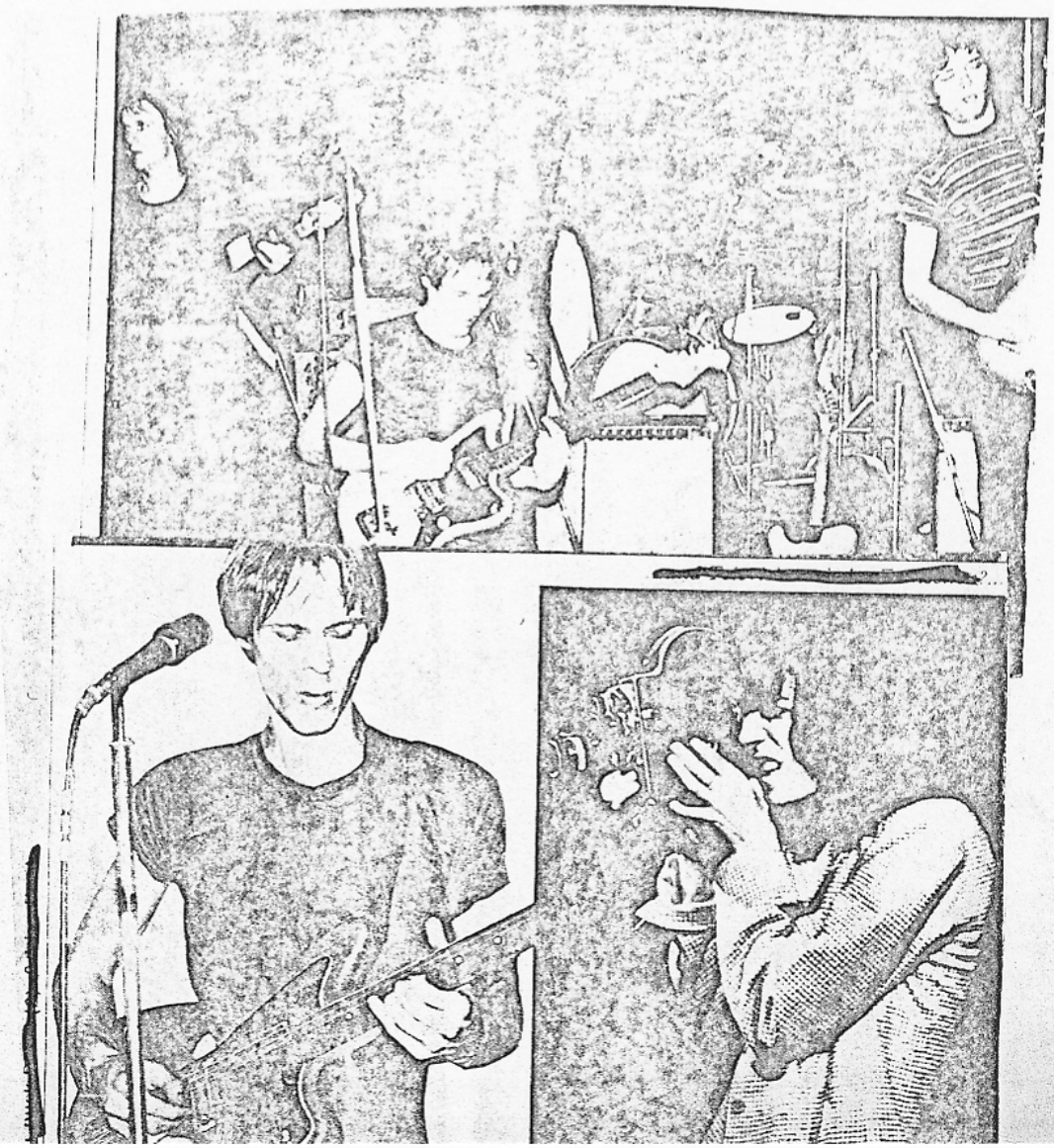
NACHTRÄGLICHES

Ich habe gerade die Tourneedaten von Patti Smith und John Cale,welche voraussichtlich gemeinsam mit einigen anderen Punks (Tuff Darts,The Clash)auftreten werden bekommen.

6.3. Berlin,Taverne
9.3. Offenbach,Stadthalle
8.3. Düsseldorf,Phillipshalle
1o.3. Stuttgart,Siegle Haus
11.3. München,Deutsches Museum
12.3. Heidelberg,Stadthalle
13.3. Hamburg,Musikhalle

Im April kommen die Ramones,Chris Spedding & the Vibrators in folgende Städte:
Hamburg,Berlin,Frankfurt,Düsseldorf und München.
Die Daten weiß ich noch nicht.

Mary-Lou Monroe,28.1.77



PUBLIC NOTICES & PRIVATE AFFAIRS

WER INTERESSIERT SICH FÜR CASSETTEN VON CHARLEY'S GIRLS ???
ZU HABEN SIND:
1. "TIGER MORSE" INCLUDING: WHITE LIGHT/WHITE HEAT, TIGER MORSE, THE WIDTH, ROADRUNNER, NO FUN U.A.
2. "LIVE AT THE BUZZ" INCLUDING: TEQUILA, I'M STICKIN' WITH YOU, CARIBBEAN MOON U.A.

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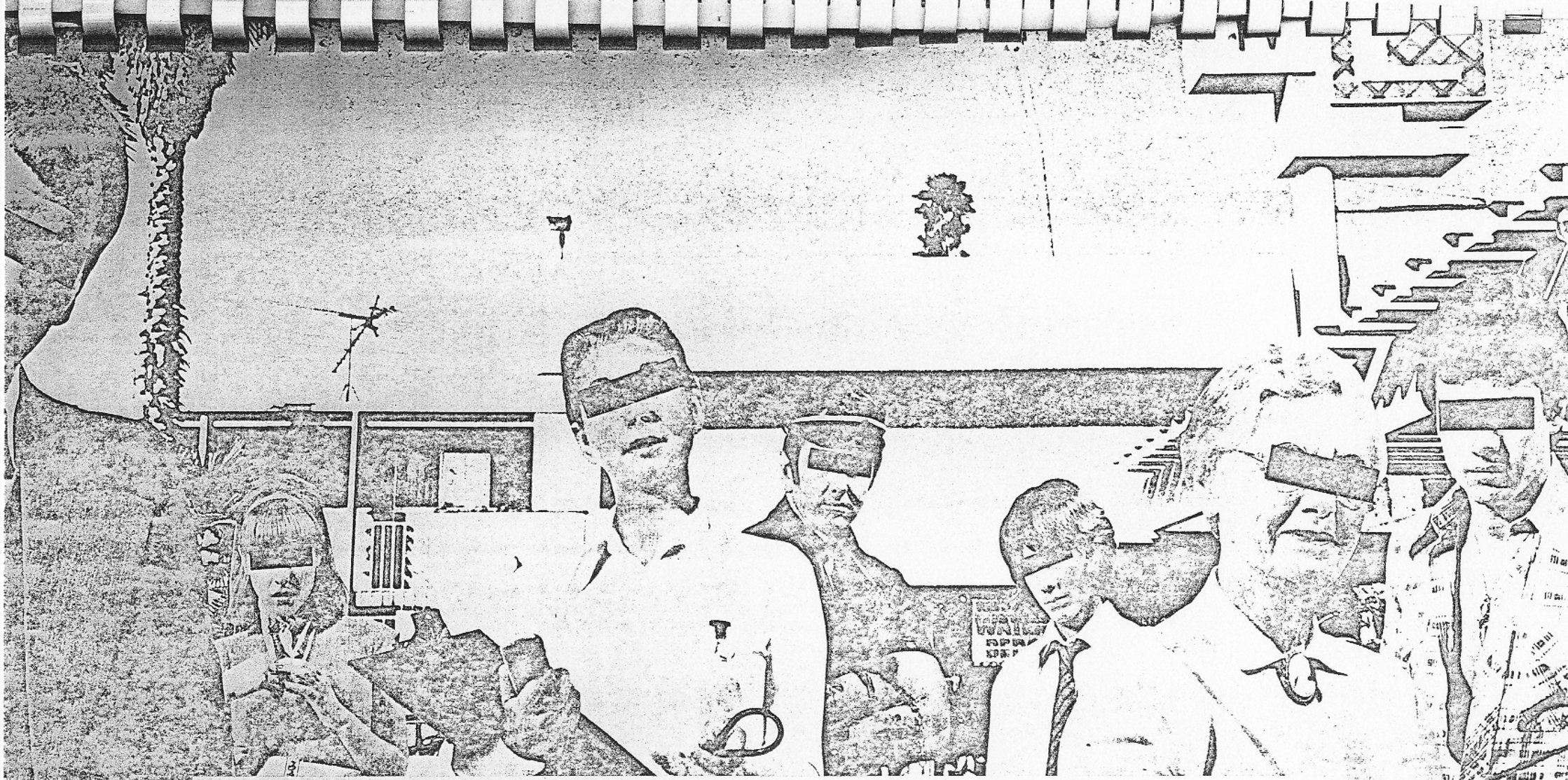
Verkaufe Tapes von:
MC 5, Stooges, und vielen Punks!
Liste bei Ramon Louis,
Reischplatz 20, 5 Köln 21 [redacted]

Kaufe oder Tausche die LP von den DICTATORS: GIRLS GO CRAZY, JOHN CALE: ACADEMY IN PERIL, NICO: MARBLE INDEX/SINGLES: PATTI SMITH: HEY JOE PISS FACTORY. NICO: THE LAST MILE, sowie alles was mit Punk zu tun hat.
RAMON LUIS/REICHPLATZ 20/
5 KÖLN 21 Tel. 0221/882780

PUBLIC NOTICES & PRIVATE AFFAIRS

Verkaufe sämtliche Sweet singels (aus meinen frühen Tagen) zum Sensations Preis! Singles auch einzeln erhältlich

Liste bei
Thomas Bauer
=
4 Düsseldorf 11
Nikolaus-Knopp
Pl.
Tel. 0211-50354
Schreibt schnell,
sie gehen weg
wie warme



"The Ostrich" erscheint alle zwei Monate bei TEMPORARY & Co.
(Falls wir bis zum nächsten Mal noch nicht bankrott sind)
Mitwirkende sind:
Sneaky Pete,Franz Bielmeier,Bernd Kunert,Cycle Annie,
Ramon Louis,Mary-Lou Monroe und Freunde.